SECOND DRAFT

"JOHNNY DANGEROUSLY"

Written by

Norman Steinberg
Bernie Kukoff
Harry Colomby
Jeff Harris

A MICHAEL HERTZBERG PRODUCTION

"JOHNNY DANGEROUSLY"

FADE IN:

STOCK FOOTAGE:

Factories going at full blast. Smoke stacks belching smoke, armies of workers going in and out of factories.

SUPER TITLE: 1910

NARRATOR (V.O.)
(like Don Pardo)
America. 1910. The nation is flexing its industrial muscles. People looking to the future with optimism. The standard of living is rising. Americans are well fed.

STOCK FOOTAGE:

William Howard Taft in action (walking, getting out of a new car, etc.)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Is it any wonder then that America elects its fattest President, William Howard Taft, who, at 311 pounds weighs as much as Teddy Roosevelt and half of William McKinley.

STOCK FOOTAGE:

Model A's on the road.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
America is beginning its love affair with the automobile. People claim it gets you there faster, it gets you there in style and it doesn't shit.

STOCK FOOTAGE:

Ships carrying immigrants, passing the Statue of Liberty.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Immigrants pour into the land of opportunity.

STOCK FOOTAGE:

Immigrant woman on ship in grubby clothes.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(accented)
Boy, I can't wait to get out of these clothes.

STOCK FOOTAGE:

Packed street on the Lower East Side.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
97% of these immigrants settle in this two block area of New York City.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CROWDS

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The McCoy Act of 1909 requires all immigrants who desire citizenship to stay out of their apartments for at least four hours a day and walk around in the streets in order to learn more about America and provide stock footage for the infant movie industry.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET SCENE - DAY

The Lower East Side. There is a combination of horse-and-carriages and early autos in the street, and people: vendors, passerby, kids playing...It is the aftermath of a fierce blizzard. Snowdrifts, flurries still coming down. People bundled up.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But most of the immigrants don't find the streets paved with gold. They find instead...hard times. And nobody has it worse than this brave little bundle of poverty -- Mom Kelly.

SUPER WORDS: "THE LOWER EAST SIDE"

A middle-aged woman, also dressed raggedly, crossing the street. This is MOM KELLY, who speaks with an Irish lilt, not an accent, just a lilt.

MOM
(fighting the wind)
The Lower East Side. This really sucks.

We FOLLOW the lady across the street to the fruit stand, where other raggedly dressed shoppers are squeezing the fruit. Not buying, just squeezing.

MOM
Twelve pounds for a penny?...
They've gone up.

A little OLD LADY chirps in.

OLD LADY
Times are rough. I've had to become a lady of the evening.

MOM
You're a streetwalker? What do you charge?

OLD LADY
Not a hell of a lot.

Mom leaves the fruit stand and moves down the street. She passes an organ grinder (MR. GARIBALDI), moustachioed, playing "Sorrento."

MOM
Hello, Mr. Garibaldi. Where's your monkey?

MR. GARIBALDI
I ate him.

She continues down the street, fighting the wind. She approaches her son, JOHNNY, an earnest young lad of 14, who wears a cap, knickers and a torn short-sleeved shirt. He carries a stack of newspapers under one arm.

JOHNNY
Hiya, Mom.

MOM
Hiya, Johnny.

JOHNNY
Your pancreas feeling better?

MOM
Hey, now, don't you be worryin' your head none about that. You just keep warm.

She buttons the top button of his ripped shirt.

JOHNNY
Thanks, Mom.

Mom looks up at the snow flurries and shivers.

MOM
Worst July in years.

JOHNNY
Go on upstairs, Mom. As soon as I sell the rest of these we'll celebrate your birthday.

She moves off. A sneaky, psychotic looking NEWSBOY, in a turtleneck sweater and cap, stands on Johnny's corner.

NEWSBOY
Here y'are, get your Tribune! Tribune!

A BLIND MAN with a SEEING EYE DOG is at the curb. Newsboy takes out scissors and cuts the leash. The blind man crosses the street. The dog goes off in another direction. Newsboy chuckles.

NEWSBOY
Get your Tribune! Get your....

SFX: Screeching car brakes.

Newsboy is laughing a psychotic, snickering laugh at his cruel prank. It builds to such intensity that he can't catch his breath.

Johnny approaches from another direction.

JOHNNY
Hey, this is my corner!

NEWSBOY
Danny Vermin don't move for nobody, Kelly.

JOHNNY
Oh, yeah?

VERMIN
Yeah.

Vermin, looking off behind Johnny, as if talking to somebody.

VERMIN
(calling)
I can handle this myself...officer.

Johnny turns around. Vermin removes a blackjack from his pocket and decks the unsuspecting Johnny.

ANGLE - A LONG BLACK LIMOUSINE

arriving on the scene.

CLOSE-UP - A SILVER CIGARETTE CASE

with the initials "J.D.". The case snaps open and a manicured hand takes out a cigarette. PULL BACK to reveal JOCKO DUNDEE, an expensive-looking gangster seated in the back seat with his driver, ARTHUR, whose neck is wider than his shoulders.

DUNDEE
(to his chauffeur)
Stop the car, Arthur. I want to see this.

ARTHUR
Yes, Mr. Dundee.

ANGLE - JOHNNY KELLY

gets up, rubs the back of his head. He charges at Vermin and nails him with a powerhouse right, knocking him into the street. Vermin is on the ground, rubbing his jaw. PAN TO his hand removing a sling shot from his back pocket.

VERMIN
You win. You got the corner.

JOHNNY
No hard feelings.

Johnny walks away. Vermin loads his sling shot with a real bullet. He pulls it back and fires. The bullet whizzes by his ear, hits a tenement, explodes. Johnny turns.

VERMIN
You ain't seen the last of Danny Vermin.

He runs off. Johnny picks up his papers.

ANGLE - THE LIMOUSINE

Dundee peers out the window.

DUNDEE
Hey, kid, c'mere.

Johnny walks to the limousine.

DUNDEE
I like the way you handle yourself.

JOHNNY
Thanks, mister.

ARTHUR
Do you know who this man is?

JOHNNY
No, sir.

ARTHUR
In that case, I'll just mention the "Mother's Day Massacre."

JOHNNY
Doesn't ring a bell.

DUNDEE
(to Johnny)
How'd you like to make a fifty?

JOHNNY
(whistles)
Do I have to break the law?

ARTHUR
Does a bear make number two in the woods?

JOHNNY
Sorry, sir, if I broke the law it'd be like breaking my mother's heart.

DUNDEE
Okay, kid, but if you change your mind, I'll be at the Club Twenty-Five.

The car drives off. Johnny looks at it go.

ANGLE - BUMPER STICKER

On Dundee's car saying: "I'd Rather Be Stealing."

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

EXT. ANCIENT TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Where Johnny lives. As he trudges up the snow-covered stoop that leads to the front door.

INT. TENEMENT - DAY

Johnny runs up the first two flights of stairs. Inside the tenement, it is snowing. A series of DISSOLVES of Johnny going up many flights. At one flight, he passes an OLD COUPLE on their way up, resting, breathing into paper bags.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

about to enter his apartment. A MAN in a black overcoat, a black Homburg and carrying a black bag comes out of an apartment door.

MUSIC: STING

JOHNNY
Dr. Magnus, how's my mother?

DR. MAGNUS
It's her pancreas again. She needs an operation immediately.

JOHNNY
How much will it cost?

DR. MAGNUS
Forty-nine ninety-five.

JOHNNY
Forty-nine ninety-five?

DR. MAGNUS
This week only.

JOHNNY
Where am I gonna get that kind of money?

DR. MAGNUS
Why don't you knock over a gas station?

He continues down the stairs.

CLOSE-UP - JOHNNY

He steels himself and puts a brave smile on his face.

INT. KELLY APARTMENT

Poor, plain, worn, sparse, cheap, dank, cold, but cheerful. At the rickety desk sits six-year-old TOMMY, studying. Washing clothes at the sink with a washboard is Mom. Johnny enters.

JOHNNY
Hi, Tommy.

He rumples Tommy's neatly plastered down hair, causing it to stick up in all directions.

TOMMY
Hi, Johnny.

JOHNNY
Hiya, Mom.

He puts a boxer's feint on Mom. Reacting, she loses her balance, stumbling into a chair, clutching her heart.

JOHNNY
You were always a sucker for a left, Mom. C'mon, take a break.

MOM
I can't, Johnny. I'm a year behind on Mr. Stevenson's shirts.

She crosses to bedroom and opens it. The entire room, floor to ceiling, is jammed with dirty wash. She grabs some shirts and goes back to the sink.

JOHNNY
There's a new law, Mom. You're not allowed to do wash on your birthday.

TOMMY
Gosh, Johnny, I really don't think that's a law -- at least not in New York State.

JOHNNY
Well, you won't find it in your law books, Tommy, because I just made it up.

Johnny looks over Tommy's shoulder,

JOHNNY
Hey that's great, Tommy.
((he picks up Tommy's law book)
Look, Mom. He colored Oliver Wendell Holmes purple.

He gives the book back to Tommy.

MOM
Isn't that something? And he's only six years old.
(to Tommy)
Ah, your poor father would've been proud of you.

JOHNNY
(to Tommy)
He always wanted you to be a lawyer.

MOM
(looking at a framed photo)
God knows he could've used one.

INSERT: PICTURE

a man in prison garb strapped to the electric chair. He has a devilish wink.

BACK TO SCENE

JOHNNY
(to Tommy)
You're gonna make something of youself, Tommy. I'm gonna see that you do.

MOM
Oh, no mother was ever blessed with two finer sons than Johnny and Tommy Kelly.

JOHNNY
Happy birthday, Mom.

Johnny thrusts a crudely wrapped small gift at Mom.

MOM
Ah, bless the saints, it's an ashtray. I've been thinkin' of takin' up smokin' and this clinches it.

She hugs them.

JOHNNY
Well, Mom, how does it feel to be twenty-nine?

She rises, the back of her hand to her temple, dizzy.

MOM
I just hope I reach thirty.

JOHNNY
Mom, are you all right?

MOM
Go back to work, Johnny. Don't worry about me.

A concerned Johnny starts to exit. Mom grabs his hand.

MOM
Johnny...

JOHNNY
Yes, Mom?

MOM
Did you have a good B.M. this mornin'?

JOHNNY
(holding back tears)
Yeah, Mom.

Johnny exits.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Johnny, racing down the stairs. As he races, characters appear in the UPPER LEFT SCREEN. Their voices ECHO.

DR. MAGNUS
She needs an operation immediately...

JOHNNY
(from earlier)
If I broke the law, it'd be like breaking my mother's heart...

DR. MAGNUS
Forty-nine ninety-five...

DUNDEE
How'd you like to make a fifty...?

MOM
I just hope I reach thirty...

DUNDEE
I'll be at the Club Twenty-Five...

A SOUND MONTAGE of NUMBERS echoes loudly in his ears. Mixed in are song phrases that contain numbers. i.e. The Beatles, "#9, #9," Tommy Tutone's "867-5309," "Love Potion #9," etc.

ANGLE - BRASS PLATE SIGN: "CLUB TWENTY-FIVE"

PULL BACK to reveal Johnny.

JOHNNY
Sorry, Mom. It's the only way I know how...

He takes a deep breath and goes into the club.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WIDE SHOT OF A DARK STREET

Three black limousines come silently to a halt outside the "CLUB MORONI". Dundee's GANG, in dark topcoats, fan out in front of the entrance.

ANGLE

CLOSE on hand opening a cigarette case with initials, "J.D.". WIDEN to reveal Dundee's face as he puts a cigarette in his mouth. He nods meaningfully to HENCHMAN #1.

Henchman #1 nods meaningfully to Arthur.
Arthur nods meaningfully to Dundee.
Dundee nods meaningfully to Henchman #2.
Henchman #2 nods meaningfully to Johnny, who stands at the corner with his papers.
Johnny nods meaningfully to Henchman #1.
Henchman #1 nods meaningfully to Arthur.
Arthur nods meaningfully to Dundee.
Dundee nods meaningfully to Arthur.
Arthur nods meaningfully to Dundee.

DUNDEE
No more nodding!!

INT. CLUB MORONI

Smoke filled, there are roulette wheels, Baccarat tables, PATRONS formally dressed. During the scene, we will pass INTERNATIONAL-TYPE SIGNS: a machine gun inside a circle with a slash across it; a fist with brass knuckles; a hand around someone's throat - all in circles with the "forbidden" slash. Another sign reads, "Thank You For Smoking."

ANGLE - MORONI

a man in a white tuxedo, who looks and talks like Vittorio Gassman, stands overseeing the action. His AIDE, a stout, perspiring man, is at his side.

AIDE
Dundee's gang is here.

MORONI
Whazzat bastidge want?

ANGLE - DUNDEE AND HIS GANG

A GREETER stamps their hands as they enter, like at a dance. Moroni and his Aide come to Dundee.

DUNDEE
How's tricks, Moroni?

MORONI
What you doin' here, ice hole?

DUNDEE
(easily)
Can't a fella enjoy a night out gambling with some of his pals?

MORONI
Don't bullshty me.

He nods to a number of his own henchmen.

MORONI
Search the summammabatches.

Dundee and his men put their hands up to be searched.

DUNDEE
We're clean, Moroni. See, I don't bear no grudges -- though your boys have been muscling into my territory. Why do you do that, Moroni?

MORONI
It's a free country, ice hole.

AIDE
They're clean, boss.

MORONI
(to Dundee)
Okay, you and the rest of your bastidges can gamble, but don't try no frackin' tricks, or you'll wind up with your bells in a sling.

ONE OF DUNDEE'S HENCHMEN
(to another)
What a mouth on that guy.

The Dundee gang enters the room and circulates.

ANGLE - THE FRONT DOOR

Johnny enters, his papers in an ancient canvas shoulder bag.

JOHNNY
Here y'are, get your papers.

Johnny begins to circulate, selling his papers. He hands out papers to Dundee and then Arthur.

JOHNNY
Here you are, sir.

DUNDEE
Thanks, kid.

He pays him.

CLOSE-UP OF THE FOLDED NEWSPAPER

Dundee surreptitiously removes a gun from it.

QUICK CUTS:

JOHNNY

"selling" his papers to Dundee's gang.

DUNDEE

pulls out the gun and rises. The rest of the gang pulls out their guns. Patrons scream.

DUNDEE
Nobody move and nobody'll get hurt.

Dundee motions to Johnny.

DUNDEE
Go ahead, kid.

Johnny begins taking the money from the tables and putting it in his sack.

MORONI
You fargin', sneeky bastidge, I'm gonna take your dwork and nail it to the wall...I'm gonna crush your boils in a meat grinder, you dirty summummabatch. I'm gonna cut off your arms and shove 'em up your ice hole.

ANGLE - THE CROUPIER

secretly slides his hand beneath the roulette table and removes a gun.

ANGLE - DUNDEE AND THE KID

edging toward the door. The rest of Dundee's gang exits.

ANGLE - THE CROUPIER

draws his gun.

JOHNNY
Watch out, Mr. Dundee!

The Croupier SHOOTS Dundee, who staggers, wounded in the chest. Two Moroni hoods shut and lock the front door on Dundee's gang.

ANGLE

A dozen of Moroni's gang begin closing in on Dundee.

MORONI
Get the bastidge!

ANGLE

Johnny swings into action: he races to Dundee and begins slugging away at the Moroni gang members. As they approach Dundee, he puts them away in the following fashion:

a. Three guys come at him. Johnny jumps behind bar, grabs chamgagne bottles, smacks bottoms sending corks into faces of attackers.

b. Ducks a haymaker, trips assailant, sending him face down into roulette wheel. Johnny gives it a spin, the grooves beating a tattoo on the guy's face.

c. Takes 2 metal plate covers off passing waiter's tray and using them like cymbals, catches an attacker's head between the covers. CLANG!

d. Temporarily blinds an assailant by whipping off a tablecloth and throwing it over the hood's head. (All dishes on table remain.) Johnny then kicks hood in the balls.

ANGLE

The middle-aged COUPLE at that table. She turns to her husband, disgusted.

WOMAN
Helluva anniversary, Lou.

ANGLE

Two Moroni gang members backing Johnny and Dundee toward two doors marked "Greaseballs" and "Greasebelles". They go through the men's room door.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny and the wounded Dundee head for the window, passing a formally dressed MAN standing at the urinal. Moroni charges in. Johnny, waiting for him with fists up. Moroni quickly pumps the soap dispenser and throws the powder into Johnny's eyes. He staggers around, blinded.

ANGLE - MORONI

holding something in his right hand, he presses a button and a gleaming blade flips out. PAN to his left hand; a similar device. He presses the button and a gleaming fork flips out. He lunges toward Johnny.

ANGLE - TO INCLUDE JOHNNY

who clears his eyes, jumps up, grabs a couple of ceiling pipes and kicks Moroni's weapons out of his hands.

MORONI
You miserable corksucker.

Two swift punches and Moroni goes flying, flat into the trough/urinal.

ANGLE - MAN AT TROUGH

MAN
(looking down)
Jesus Christ. I'm pissing on Mr. Moroni!

INT. LIMOUSINE

Arthur helping the wounded Dundee in. Johnny follows.

ARTHUR
(concerned)
You okay, boss?

DUNDEE
Yeah, thanks to this kid and...
(reaches in his jacket)
...this.

Takes out his cigarette case. It has a bullet dent. He kisses it. Puts it to Arthur's lips, who kisses it. Then, to Johnny, who kisses it.

DUNDEE
(takes back the case)
Thanks, kid. From now on, you're my boy.

ARTHUR
Yeah, but you really live dangerously.

DUNDEE
By the way, what's your name?

JOHNNY
(thinking)
Johnny. Johnny Dangerously.

A beat.

SUPER TITLES: 20 YEARS LATER

STOCK FOOTAGE: Depression footage. People selling apples, hobo jungles, dust bowl, etc.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
1930 and America is plunged into a deep depression. The standard of living is falling. People are looking to the future with anxiety and despair.

STOCK FOOTAGE: Herbert Hoover making speech.

HOOVER
Prosperity is just around the corner.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And in Herbert Hoover, America elects it's dumbest President.

STOCK FOOTAGE: Soup line. Shot of man joining the line (if possible).

FIRST VOICE (V.O.)
What's the soup du jour?

SECOND VOICE (V.O.)
Consomme of shoe.

FIRST VOICE (V.O.)
Again!

He leaves the line.

STOCK FOOTAGE: Crowds of unemployed, gathered in front of a factory gate which shuts on them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The ranks of the unemployed are growing.

STOCK FOOTAGE: Montage of whiskey stills, speakeasies, beer deliveries.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But with prohibition still on the books...

STOCK FOOTAGE: St. Valentine's Day Massacre, hoods being mowed down.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Some job vacancies are being created, especially in the Dundee-Moroni gangs.

STOCK FOOTAGE: More gangster shots, ride-by assassinations, ending with the one of the store being blown out by the bunch from the swerving car.

MAN'S VOICE
(from inside the car)
You hit the Chinese laundry, Jerk!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Two black limos, tearing down the street toward camera, blazing machine-gun fire at each other. A MAN jumps out in a tuck and roll as the cars pass.

ANGLE - THE MAN

rolling over a few times and springing to his feet, back to camera. He straightens his suit, and only when he's ready, he turns around. PUSH IN to a face full of confidence, flair and style.

SUPER: JOHNNY DANGEROUSLY

JOHNNY
(to camera)
Boy, these last twenty years went like
(snaps fingers)
this.

WIDEN to reveal the Club Twenty-Five. Johnny approaches PAT, the middle-aged, Irish doorman.

PAT
Top o' the mornin', Mr. Dangerously.

Johnny grabs him by the lapels, pulls him toward him.

JOHNNY
It's Johnny to you.

PAT
Sorry, Johnny. How's your dear old mother?

JOHNNY
Much better. Thanks for asking.

Takes out a bill and puts it in Pat's chest pocket. Starts in.

PAT
She's such a wonderful woman.

Johnny stops, wearily takes out another bill and sticks it in Pat's pocket. Starts in.

PAT (CON'T.)
Ah, she's got the smile of an angel.

Johnny runs into the club.

INT. CLUB TWENTY-FIVE - DAY

An art deco 30's nightclub. On one edge of the floor chorus girls lounge and practice dance steps. In the center, coming to the end of, "You Made Me Love You", is LIL SHERIDAN. She studied at the University of Jean Harlow, majoring in vamp and fresh lip. She finishes her song. A beat, then the sound of one man clapping.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

at the back of the club, clapping, impressed.

ANGLE - THE CHORUS GIRLS

One of them spots Johnny.

GIRL
Look, it's Johnny.

They squeal and rush to him.

ANGLE

The girls crowding around, nuzzling and kissing Johnny. AD LIBS: "My turn tonight, Johnny?", "Johnny, you wanna be my first?", "I'm not wearing a bra, Johnny."

JOHNNY
(straightening his suit)
Easy girls, you're upsetting my creases.

BLONDE GIRL
I'm a real blonde, Johnny.

JOHNNY
Check it out Thursday?

BLONDE GIRL
You're on.

ANGLE - LIL

In street clothes next to piano, getting music together. She glances at Johnny and the girls, reacting with indifference.

CHARLEY, a good sort, Johnny's admirer, enters from the office.

CHARLEY
Johnny, the boss wants to see you.

JOHNNY
In a minute, Charley.

A redhead is just getting hold of his ear.

JOHNNY
Make that two minutes.

CHARLEY
(shaking his head)
How do you do it, Johnny?

JOHNNY
(a beat; taking in the girls)
Mutual respect.

Johnny looks beyond the girls to Lil on the stage.

JOHNNY
(to the blonde)
Who's the nightingale?

BLONDE
Some dame. Just blew in from Pittsburgh.

JOHNNY
(calling to Lil)
Hey kid, what do they call you?

LIL
(eyeing Johnny evenly)
Impressive.

BLONDE
Her name is Lil Sheridan.

JOHNNY
Lil Sheridan. I like it. My name's Dangerously. Johnny Dangerously.

LIL
Did y'know your last name's an adverb?

Lil walks off. Johnny, looking after her.

JOHNNY
(to the girls)
She got spirit, spunk, fire, nerve, spunk...I said spunk already, didn't I?

He continues on into the office.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The prototype back-of-the-nightclub office. Dundee, older, sits at his desk, on the phone. Some of the gang lounging around, cleaning guns, smoking, etc...Johnny enters. Everybody stops, grins, big hello's to Johnny. Johnny "works" the room. Grabs VITO by the gut.

JOHNNY
Cut down on the pasta, Vito.

VITO
(anxious to please)
I'm startin' the Cambridge Diet Monday, Johnny.

Johnny crosses to two hoods playing cards, switches their hats.

JOHNNY
(standing back)
There. That looks better.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

crosses to Charley sitting in a chair, reading a newspaper. Johnny pushes the chair over to a lamp.

JOHNNY
You don't wanna ruin your eyes, Charley.

CHARLEY
Thanks, Johnny.
(looking back at paper)
Much better.

Johnny crosses past a parrot on a swing.

JOHNNY
Hiya, Polly. What's your squawk?

POLLY
Prohibition sucks.

Johnny sticks a bill in Polly's mouth.

JOHNNY
Go buy yourself a cracker.

ANGLE - DUNDEE

hangs up. Crosses to Johnny, puts his arm around him.

DUNDEE
Johnny, I want you to meet two new members of the gang.

Two guys emerge from a corner.

DUNDEE (CON'T.)
Danny Vermin and his sidekick, Dutch Winkler.

ANGLE - JOHNNY AND VERMIN

eyeballing each other. Vermin starts to snicker...the same psychotic laugh he had as a child, only more mature.

VERMIN
Hello, Johnny.

JOHNNY
Hiya, Vermin.

DUTCH
I'm his sidekick, Dutch.

JOHNNY
(not looking at Dutch)
Hiya, sidekick.

VERMIN
I hear you're a big shot.

JOHNNY
Anything I am, I owe to Mr. Dundee.

DUNDEE
You don't owe me anything, Johnny.
(to Vermin)
He's increased our gross over twenty-three percent, while cutting down our overhead. Johnny's my second in command. You'll report to him.

ANGLE - VERMIN

his jaw is clenched.

SFX - TEETH GRINDING

DUNDEE (CON'T.)
I know you two have had your differences but from now on you're going to be pals. Now, shake.

A beat. Johnny and Vermin shake hands, both gradually increasing the pressure.

ANGLE - THEIR FACES

Johnny's cool, as if nothing's happening. Vermin is struggling, his face reddening and perspiring. Finally, Vermin pulls his hand free. His eyes say, "watch out."

JOHNNY
(indicating Vermin and Dutch)
I didn't know we were hiring.

DUNDEE
In this war with Moroni, we need all the qualified hoods we can get.

JOHNNY
Yeah, well I been thinkin'! Mr. Dundee, why don't you and Moroni call a truce. There's plenty for everybody.

DUNDEE
A truce with that skunk Moroni? Never! New York ain't big enough for the two of us.

JOHNNY
I just don't want to see you get hurt.

There is a KNOCK at the back door.

QUICK CUTS to each gang member pulling out his rod.

Johnny goes to the door, opens it carefully.

JOHNNY
(calling back)
It's a package.

A RAILWAY EXPRESS MAN wheels a six foot high package in on a dolly. It is labeled and has many, many stamps.

R.E.MAN
There's some postage due.
(looks at all the guns thinks better of it)
That's okay, I'll take care of it.

He takes off.

DUNDEE
(looks at package)
What the hell is that?

JOHNNY
I got a bad feeling about this.

Johnny takes his penknife, slices it open. Thousands of those annoying, little styrofoam packing squigglies fall out revealing a standing corpse.

DUNDEE
(shocked)
It's Arthur!

Arthur falls through the package to the floor.

DUNDEE
Poor Arthur, he was like a driver to me.

JOHNNY
(picks up note)
There's a note.
(reading)
"Dear Bastidges, Guess who done this?"

DUNDEE
Moroni, that...We gotta get him for this.

JOHNNY
We will, boss. I already got a plan.

VERMIN
Why don't we try something a little unorthodox this time.

JOHNNY
Like what, Vermin?

VERMIN
Like psychological warfare.
(a beat)
Shoot them in their minds.
(psychopathic snicker)

JOHNNY
(to Vermin)
Hey, we're gangsters not vicious disgusting sadists.

VERMIN
(controlling his rage)
Just tryin' to be helpful.

JOHNNY
(to the others)
Okay guys, eight o'clock tonight at the garage. Get some shut eye. It's gonna be a long night. Bring your heaters.

Vermin checks his gun, it's huge. Everybody stares at it.

DUTCH
(announcing)
They make it special for him. It's a .54 Magnum.

VERMIN
It shoots through schools.

They all file out.

INT. CLUB - DAY

Johnny crossing on his way out sees Lil collecting her stuff at the piano. Johnny crosses to her.

JOHNNY
I got just one word for what I see.

LIL
Yeah, what's that?

JOHNNY
Swell.

LIL
(sarcastic)
Gee, my heart's all a flutter.

Johnny goes for the challenge, takes out a card and slips it into her breast pocket located at the tip of her formidable breast. She glances down as he manipulates the card into her pocket.

LIL
Enjoyin' yourself?

JOHNNY
Call me tomorrow.

LIL
If you don't hear the phone ringing don't be upset. It just means I'm not interested.

JOHNNY
Suit yourself.

He sticks his hand back in her pocket to remove the card. She glances down again.

LIL
I hope this does something for your morale.

JOHNNY
First time I ever had to take that card back.
(a beat)
I kinda like it. Be seein' ya.

He exits.

ANGLE - LIL

a trace of a smile.

EXT. CLUB TWENTY-FIVE - DAY

Johnny exits. Pat holds the car door open for him.

PAT
Off to the race track, Johnny?

JOHNNY
No, gotta see my mother.

Groans, realizing his mistake.

PAT
Oh, that sweet angel, that...

Johnny shoves bill in his mouth to shut him up and jumps into the car.

JOHNNY
(to the driver)
Let's get outta here.

The car zooms off, leaving Pat in mid-sentence.

EXT. STREET - KELLY TENEMENT - DAY

The street hasn't changed. Crowded with KIDS playing, COP on the beat, PEOPLE lounging on stoops, WOMEN gossiping out of windows.

A BLACK YOUTH crosses holding a 1930 radio on his shoulder. The radio blares out, "If I didn't Care" by the Ink Spots.

On the wall, we see graffiti, "DANGEROUSLY RULES", "MORONI BITES IT".

Off to the side a TEENAGER is selling T-shirts with the inscription "I ♡ Johnny".

AD LIBS" "Hiya, Johnny", "Hey, Johnny", etc. It builds to a crescendo of greetings from all over the street.

An eight year old BOY, dressed exactly like Johnny, hat, snazzy suit and all, walks up to him.

BOY
Johnny, you mind if I follow in your footsteps?

Johnny lifts the kid's hat, rumples his hair and puts the hat back. He sticks a couple of lollipops in the kid's breast pocket and starts up the steps.

ANGLE - WOMAN

out the window.

WOMAN
(calling to her friend)
Look, Rosie, it's Johnny Dangerously.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

stopping short. Looks up.

JOHNNY
Mrs. Zimmer!
(looks around, whistles)
Everybody!
(starts down the steps)
Over here.

WIDE ANGLE

People from the tenement assembling around Johnny.

ANGLE - MRS. ZIMMER

shimmying down water pipe.

BACK TO SCENE

JOHNNY
What did I tell you neighborhood people?

EVERYBODY
(in unison)
Around here you're Johnny Kelly, not Johnny Dangerously. A law-abiding nightclub owner.

MAN'S VOICE
Sure, and I'm the Pope.

PULL BACK to reveal the POPE dressed in full papal regalia.

JOHNNY
How'd you know, your holiness?

POPE
Johnny, everybody knows except your mother and brother. And, as far as we're concerned, that's the way it will remain.

JOHNNY
Thanks, your Holiness.

Johnny takes out big wad of bills hands them to the Pope.

JOHNNY (CON'T.)
Here, build yourself a new gym at the Vatican, Pope.

POPE
Bless you.

Pope moves on.

The crowd applauds. Johnny crosses into the tenement.

INT. MOM KELLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mom Kelly at the stove, stirring a huge pot. A KNOCK at the door which continues in a specific rhythm. She smiles, crosses and opens the door. Johnny enters.

JOHNNY
Hiya, Mom. How's my best girl?

He puts the feint on Mom, throwing her off balance. She lunges into the kitchen table.

JOHNNY
You're still a sucker for a left hook, Mom.

ANGLE - MOM

catching her breath.

MOM
(to herself)
I love him, but some day I'm gonna knock him on his ass.

She comes to the ironing board and a stack of laundry. Johnny, at the stove.

JOHNNY
What'cha cookin', Mom?

MOM
Beer.

JOHNNY
(glancing at pot)
With noodles. Great idea. So what's new?

MOM
Well, me arthritis, that's new. Then one of me calf muscles is shrivellin' up. Also, I'm losin' sensation in the left side of me face, which I'd say is the beginnin's of some neurological disorder. But the rest of me is in the pink.

JOHNNY
You gotta take care of yourself.

He takes a roll of bills and slaps it in her palm.

JOHNNY
Mom, I want you to move out of this dump.

MOM
(hurt)
A dump is it? You didn't say it was a dump when you and your brother, Tommy, would run in out of the cold and warm yourselves by the oven. You didn't say it was a dump on hot summer days when you'd come in after baseball and quench your thirst on me ice cold lemonade. You didn't say it was a dump then.

JOHNNY
I know I didn't actually say it, Mom, but I never doubted I was brought up in a dump.

MOM
(she goes back to her ironing)
Yeah, but a dump filled with warmth and love.

JOHNNY
Mom, I just don't want you livin' like this.

He opens the bedroom door. As before, floor to ceiling with dirty laundry. He crosses in, starts pulling angrily at it.

JOHNNY
I don't want you doin' other peoples' laundry.

MOM
(stopping ironing, aghast)
What are you sayin'? Give up me career?

JOHNNY
You should retire, take it easy. Enjoy your golden years. Not do this.

He KICKS at the laundry. As he turns, a wall of wash falls on him, burying him. A beat. We see a ripple and HEAR MUFFLED SOUNDS.

MOM
(unaware, from the other room)
Son, I wouldn't consider retiring as long as I can still give good laundry.

CUT TO Johnny. He fights his way out. Straightens his suit. Crosses to Mom.

JOHNNY
Where's Tommy?

MOM
Oh, don't be talkin' to me about Tommy.

JOHNNY
Why not?

TOMMY (V.O.)
Because I'm leaving law school.

ANGLE - TOMMY

22, all-American, clean cut, enters from his room, holding his girlfriend, SALLY, by the hand. She is also all-American, clean cut and cheerleader cute.

JOHNNY
If that's a joke, Tommy, I ain't laughin'! Hiya, Sally.

SALLY
Hiya, Johnny. Nice suit. Nice shirt. Great vest...

TOMMY
(cutting her off)
I'm dropping out of law school so Sally and I can get married and there's nothing you can do to change my mind.

JOHNNY
Is that what you want, Sally?

SALLY
(dutifully, sincerely)
I want whatever Tommy wants. I'm his girl and he makes the decisions. Great pants, Johnny, and I love the shoes.

TOMMY
Sally's place is in the home and I intend to support her. I'll shine boots, drive a hack, blow glass, anything.

MOM
Johnny, talk sense to him.

JOHNNY
Can't you see you're breakin' your mother's heart? Why, Tommy, why?

TOMMY
I can't say it in front of Mom.

JOHNNY
Okay, I got some...ah, business to take care of. Meet me at my place. Ten o'clock, tonight.
(to Mom)
Quit worryin', Mom. I'll straighten it out.

He hugs her and he exits.

MOM
What can't you say in front of Mom?

TOMMY
Nothin', Ma.

MOM
(taunting)
I know what you can't say. You want to get LAID!

Tommy clamps his hands over Sally's ears.

TOMMY
Ma-a-a-a!

MOM
You want to hump your brains out.

She pantomimes humping while accompanying herself.

MOM
Ba-boom! Ba-boom! Ba-boom!

Tommy picks Sally up by the ears and hustles her out of the apartment.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A large truck as it bounces along the road.

INT. CAB OF TRUCK - NIGHT

Johnny, Vermin and Charley, who's driving. Vermin, next to the window, is cradling his Magnum.

VERMIN
What if they ain't there, Mister Dangerously?

JOHNNY
Moroni would never pass up somethin' this easy.

CHARLEY
See, Vermin, the beauty of this man's plan is its simplicity.

JOHNNY
Put the gun away, Vermin. No shootin' till it's time.

VERMIN
(to his gun)
Ssshh. I know, baby. You're lookin' for some exercise. Soon baby, soon.

He puts the gun under the seat. Johnny looks at him with disgust.

VERMIN
Johnny, I got an idea. After we kill 'em, let's teach 'em a lesson. Let's go after their mothers, wives, sweethearts...

JOHNNY
(grabbing Vermin's collar)
Look, Vermin, while I'm runnin' this show, no innocent bystanders.

VERMIN
(incredulous)
No innocent bystanders? Where're the laughs?

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The truck bounding down the road. An ambulance, SIRENS WAILING, bears down behind them.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Charley pulls over to the right, letting ambulance pass.

ANGLE - VERMIN

as he sneakily holds gun out the window. He squeezes off three shots.

SFX: Sound of tire blow-outs and screeching brakes and a car crash.

JOHNNY
I said no shootin'. Maybe this'll clear up your hearin'.
(he slaps Vermin)

VERMIN
You shouldn't hit me in the face. My mother hit me in the face once.
(holds up a finger)
...once.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Two cars waiting on either side of the road, at the bend.

ANGLE - MORONI

In a third car with his HENCHMAN, up the road from the other two, off to the side. Another HENCHMAN rushes up to Moroni's car.

HENCHMAN
Hear they come!

MORONI
They gotta be a bunch of fargin' yo yo's, comin' through our territory like this.

JOHNNY'S TRUCK

as it comes around a bend in the road. The two Moroni cars pull out from the side and block the road.

ANGLE

The truck SCREECHES to a halt. The Moroni hoods get out and surround the truck. Johnny, Vermin and Charley get out of the cab, their hands up.

ANGLE

Moroni approaches Johnny.

MORONI
Well, look who's here. Johnny Dangerously. I'll be a summammabatch.

JOHNNY
I got to hand it to you, Moroni. You really know how to spring a trap.

MORONI
Fargin' A.

Moroni crosses to the back of Johnny's truck. He pulls the canvas open. We see boxes of liquor stacked up.

MORONI
Beautiful. Okay, boys. Take the truck back to the warehouse and unload the shty.

HENCHMAN
(indicating Johnny)
What about them?

MORONI
Shoot the bastidges then drown 'em.

CLOSE-UP - JOHNNY'S FACE

He turns to Charley and winks.

ANGLE - MORONI

MORONI
Was that a fargin' wink?

ANGLE - MORONI AND JOHNNY

JOHNNY
No. It was a blink. I blink when I get scared.

MORONI
You better be fargin' scared because pretty soon the fargin' fish are gonna be playin' fargin' ping-pong with your fargin' bells.

He exits. Johnny looks after him and speaks under his breath.

JOHNNY
Farg you.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A prominent sign reads: "MORONI'S INC." And underneath that: "FIREARMS, GAMBLING EQUIPMENT, RELIGIOUS ARTICLES."

PULL BACK. The gigantic warehouse door rolls up as the truck, now driven by two of Moroni's men, drives in -- followed by the two Moroni cars.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Johnny, Vermin and Charley exit one of the cars, hands in the air. CHIEF HENCHMAN crosses to back of truck, pulls aside canvas, revealing cases of booze. He comes back. The other Henchmen have guns trained on Johnny et al.

JOHNNY
(playing scared)
Look guys, can't we make a deal? Take the booze, let us go.

HENCHMAN
You kiddin'?

JOHNNY
Okay, I'll sweeten the deal. I'll throw in a set of luggage.

HENCHMAN
Look at this. Johnny Dangerously beggin' for his life.

ANGLE - OTHER HENCHMEN LAUGHING

BACK TO SCENE

JOHNNY
That's right, I'm beggin'. Take a look everybody. Opportunity of a lifetime - see Johnny Dangerously beg.
(starts crawling)
I don't wanna die.

QUICK CUTS. Moroni Henchmen with weapons coming out of hidden positions, behind rafters, boxes, etc...Johnny, begging, crying, "I don't wanna die in a hail of bullets." "I'm the only means of support for my mother." etc. The Henchmen are so engrossed in his performance they don't notice him pushing a ramp across the floor to the back of the truck. Johnny, on his knees, crawls to Chief Henchman.

JOHNNY
Everybody here? Anybody missin' the spectacle of my humiliation?

CHIEF HENCHMAN
(with satisfaction)
Everybody's watchin'.

QUICK CUTS to Moroni hoods all around, smiling, enjoying.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

JOHNNY
Well, the show's over.
(puts fingers in his mouth, lets out a piercing whistle)

ANGLE - THE TRUCK

From inside, the SOUND of an engine starting. A beat. Then a black limo CRASHES through what turns out to be a PAINTING of stacked liquor cases. It roars out, guns from every window, blazing, shooting at Moroni's astounded men.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

leaps on top of the limousine. He rolls over, unzips his fly, and takes out his gun, which had been hidden in his pants.

ANGLE

For openers, Johnny puts away two Tommy-gunners, on separate sides of the warehouse, with TWO SHOTS.

ANGLE - A MORONI HENCHMAN

behind a girder, taking aim at Charley.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

diving off the car, tackling Charley and rolling with him on the floor. As he rolls over, Johnny SHOOTS up at the girder.

ANGLE - THE HENCHMAN

shot, falling off the warehouse walkway.

BACK TO SCENE

CHARLEY
Johnny, what you just did is heroic, in the classic sense. Another thing; your leadership has been an inspiration to each and every...

JOHNNY
(firing away)
Not now, Charley.
(looks at his gun)
I can't figure out this gun. I must've shot at least forty bullets.
(fires)
Look at this.
(continues to fire)

ANGLE - WIDE SHOT

Dundee's men out of the car, SHOOTING back and forth, the Moroni gang, dying a lot.

ANGLE - VERMIN AND DUTCH

behind a crate. Vermin takes careful aim.

DUTCH
Hey, that's one of our own guys.

VERMIN
(he's committed to the shot)
Too late.
(he fires)

WIDE ANGLE

The FIRING continues. Suddenly there is QUIET. PAN the warehouse. Moroni gang lying all over the place.

JOHNNY
(solemnly)
Manny, get their names and addresses from their wallets.

VERMIN
(eagerly)
We gonna hit their houses?

JOHNNY
(a smoldering look)
No, Vermin. I'm puttin' all their kids through college.

CHARLEY
(to Vermin)
See, thatswhat sets Johnny Dangerously apart from the rest of us rubble.

MANNY
(with a list of names)
Got 'em Johnny. Let's get outta here.

Johnny picks up a phone and dials. The screen SPLITS in half and we see Moroni pick up a receiver.

MORONI
(into receiver)
Moroni.

JOHNNY
Hey, Moroni, better send some of your gorillas over here to clean up this warehouse. It's a mess.

MORONI
Why you...

Moroni slips out his .45 and blasts the receiver on his end.

JOHNNY
Missed, ice hole.

Johnny laughs and hangs up.

INT. JOHNNY'S APT. - NIGHT

Johnny, on the phone with a long extension cord. He is dressed in formal shirt, boxer shorts, black socks and shoes. DORIS, a live-in beauty, holds pants out for him to step into.

JOHNNY
Went off without a hitch, Mr. Dundee. I tell you I can't wait to see Moroni's face.
(stepping into pants, Doris pulling them up)
I think we taught 'em a real good lesson.

Doris starts buttoning Johnny's fly. Johnny looks down.

JOHNNY
Uh...I'm sorry, what was that, Mr. Dundee?

Doris, having problems getting button through buttonhole.

JOHNNY
What boys? Oh yeah, the boys. A couple got nicked a little.

Doris, manipulating.

JOHNNY
Look, lemme give you a play by play when I see you at the party tonight.
(he hangs up)
Thanks, Doris, I'll take it from here.
(he moves off)

WIDEN to reveal the rest of the apartment. An art deco, white satin dream. Everything's white. The floor, furniture, piano, etc. Another beauty, wearing a clinging negligee, lies on the white fur rug, chewing gum and reading the funnies. Johnny crosses over the pulls it out of her hands.

JOHNNY
I told you not to read that junk.

Takes a white leather covered book from the bookshelf.

JOHNNY
Here, Ruby, read this.

RUBY
(looking at it)
Ivanhoe!

ANGLE

Another luscious, DIXIE, lounging on a chaise, eating chocolates.

DIXIE
(southern accent)
Johnny, why are you always trying to improve our minds?

JOHNNY
Because luscious, beautiful bodies with everything in the right places just ain't enough.
(a beat)
Don't get me wrong, it's a start. But I need something more.

DORIS
(low moan into his ear)
Why?

Johnny, trying to figure it out sits at his desk. Then...

JOHNNY
'Cause I'm complex.

Dixie and Doris sit on each arm of Johnny's chair.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

ANGLE - FOYER

A FEMALE BUTLER in tails, net stockings, opens the front door. Tommy stands there, stares at her cleavage.

BUTLER
You must be Tommy. Johnny's expecting you. Follow me.

He follows her tits to Johnny's desk.

JOHNNY
Now what's all this bull fertilizer about you leaving law school?

TOMMY
(staring at Dixie and Doris)
I'm sorry, Johnny. I just don't have the tits for it...uh...I mean heart.

Tommy's eyes widen as he sees a pair of female feet sticking out from under the desk. Johnny snaps his fingers.

JOHNNY
Hey, pay attention. I'm talkin' to you. Tommy, you're tops in your class. You made law review and your paper D'Annunzio versus New York State on "The right of a citizen to burn garbage in Staten Island" -- c'mon! It's a minor classic. Why, Tommy? Why do you have to get married now?

TOMMY
(exploding)
Because if I don't get laid I'll die!

JOHNNY
Laid? Is that what this whole thing's about?
(takes Tommy's head between his hands)
Tommy, I thought it was something serious.

TOMMY
(staring at Doris and Dixie)
It is very serious. I'm horny. I tried to get a bad girl but for a clean cut kid like me, it's no dice. Oh, God, how do you get laid in 1930?

JOHNNY
(indicating clinging girls)
You think this is fun? You really think I'm havin' fun? You got a lot to learn, kid. It's a bad habit, like drinkin' coffee. Believe me, if I could break it, I would.
(a beat)
C'mere.

Johnny gets up and pulls Tommy into a bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Johnny and Tommy enter. The satin theme continues. Two partially clad BEAUTIES, one an oriental, lounge on the bed. Johnny snaps his fingers. They leave.

JOHNNY
Listen to me! This country was built by men who saved themselves for their wives. Men who had the backbone, the willpower to succeed first, then get laid. Great Americans like Jefferson, Edison, Geronimo. But here's the most important reason why you should wait. Sit down, Tommy. I wanna show you somethin'. Somethin' that's guaranteed to open your eyes.

Tommy sits on the bed. Johnny turns off the lights and moves to a pre-set movie projector. He switches it on.

ANGLE - A SCREEN

already set-up.

FADE UP ON:

16MM-TYPE SCHOOL HEALTH FILM

MUSIC: Wavy, unsure what key it's in.

Throughout, the NARRATOR, speaks in an alarming high-pitched tone. FADE IN on All-American BOY, carrying books, coming down school steps.

NARRATOR #2 (V.O.)
This is Billy Jones, an A student, letter in football, the All-American boy, right? Wrong. Notice he's all alone.

As Billy walks down the street, other STUDENTS avoid him.

NARRATOR #2 (V.O.)
Why are people avoiding Billy? Why do they treat him like an outcast?

Billy tries to give a BUM a coin. The bum sees who it is, dives for cover.

NARRATOR #2 (V.O.)
The tragic fact is that besides his books, this young man is carrying HERBIES.

FREEZE Billy. Across the screen, the word HERBIES appears in lightning-bolt-style lettering.

STOCK FOOTAGE: 1930's scientists in labs, examining test tubes.

NARRATOR # 2 (V.O.)
Scientists are hard at work trying to find a cure to this puzzling new disease which was first discovered on the private parts of Herbert Parnell of New Rochelle, New York. It is caused by only one thing -- intimate contact with the opposite sex.

A car is parked in Lover's Lane. We see four naked legs sticking out the back seat. The car, BOUNCING.

NARRATOR #2 (.V.O.)
This young couple who are having their fun now may pay dearly in the future.

SHOT of Quasimodo, carrying books, coming up school steps.

NARRATOR #2 (V.O.)
While this may be an advanced case of Herbies...
(a beat)
Why take the chance?

FREEZE on Quasimodo. The word, "Herbies," again crosses the screen.

SHOT of severe looking DOCTOR in white lab coat, pointing accusing finger at camera.

DOCTOR
It can happen to you!!

FADE OUT:

BACK TO JOHNNY AND TOMMY

a long beat as Tommy turns slowly, gets up and heads for the door.

JOHNNY
Tommy, where you going?

TOMMY
Law school.

INT. CLUB TWENTY-FIVE - NIGHT

The club is filled with CELEBRANTS. Everyone is in formal wear. People drinking, dancing, etc.

ANGLE - THE ENTRANCE

Johnny enters with a swagger, followed by Charley, Manny, Vermin and the rest. Johnny takes off hat, puts it on the hat check girl's head.

HAT CHECK GIRL
Hiya, Johnny. I hoid about watcha done.

JOHNNY
Just a night's work.

He hands her his coat and walks into the club. The rest of the guys, as they pass the girl, toss their hats and coats to her. She is soon buried under the avalanche. Finally, she topples over backwards.

ANGLE - DUNDEE

seeing Johnny. His face breaks into a broad grin.

DUNDEE
Johnny!

Pulls out his gun and FIRES in the air.

WIDE SHOT

Everyone stops in mid-doing.

DUNDEE
Ladies and Gentlemen, a toast to our conquering hero, Johnny.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

JOHNNY
No pictures.

Everybody raises glasses and drinks, except Vermin.

DUNDEE
To commemorate tonight's work I had somethin' a little special done.

Dundee holds up a satin jacket like the ones to commemorate rock group tours. On the back of the jacket the following legend is printed: "MORONI WAREHOUSE MASSACRE - APRIL 12, 1930."

DUNDEE (CON'T.)
Johnny, this one's yours.

Johnny comes up to the stage. There's a lot of APPLAUSE. He holds up the jacket. His name is embroidered on the front. He holds up the jacket for everyone to see. There's more APPLAUSE.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

moving through crowd receiving congratulations. A PHOTOGRAPHER takes a picture of Johnny. The crowd reacts with shock. AD LIBS: "No pictures." "You don't take pictures of Johnny Dangerously," etc. Lightning fast, Johnny grabs the camera, removes film, returns camera and stuffs a $20 into photographer's pocket.

DUNDEE
I got one more announcement to make. When I die, hopefully in my bed, I want to go knowin' the Dundee Mob will continue in the same tradition with the same high standards that's made us the New York Yankees of crime...For that reason, I'm namin' as my successor, Johnny Dangerously.

The crowd CHEERS.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

surprised and humbled.

ANGLE - VERMIN

applauds with half the tempo of everybody else. Dutch, next to him, applauding. Vermin gives him a look. Dutch, slows down his applause.

DRUM ROLL. Lights dim. A spotlight hits Lil at the stage curtain. She is dressed in slink.

LIL'S TORCH SONG: Basically a song of suffering and humiliation in the tradition of "My Man." She moves around the floor, singing the song to different men in the room, their wives scowling, with one spouse actully smacking her husband as he follows her undulating body passing him. Lil directs the last portion of the song to Johnny - both of them exchanging torrid looks. The song ends on the two of them fixed on each other.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE OF CLUB - NIGHT

Lil exits and starts for the street.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

leaning casually against the building, oozing charm. As she passes him, he firmly but gently grabs her arm. She looks down at his hand.

LIL
You're holdin' up traffic.

He releases her. They start walking.

JOHNNY
That song you just sung. I figured you gave me the green light.

LIL
(a hint of a grin)
Let's just say you're off red.
(a beat)
But you're still on amber.

JOHNNY
I hope the light changes soon 'cause my motor's runnin'.

LIL

Better watch it. You don't want to overheat.

JOHNNY
Tell you one thing, we sure know how to banter.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

As they continue walking. Lil holding her shoes.

LIL
...So, I figured Mom and Dad didn't need me around, with 14 mouths to feed.

JOHNNY
Your folks had fourteen kids?

LIL
Nah, they ran a kennel.
(she sighs)
So, I decided to leave Pittsburgh and come here to Chicago.

A beat. They continue walking, Johnny trying to figure out how to break the news.

JOHNNY
Uh...Lil...This ain't Chicago. We're in New York.

LIL
You're kiddin'. Well, New York, Chicago; to a girl on her own, it's all the same.

He stops her.

JOHNNY
You're a pretty tough dame, ain't you?

She gives him a soulful look.

LIL
Yeah, but I bruise easy.

ANGLE - A CAR

CLOSE ON bumper sticker reading "I Don't Brake For Johnny Dangerously." WIDEN as it turns the corner. As it approaches them, Johnny senses the danger, he pushes her into an alleyway, protecting her body with his, as the car ROARS past them, machine guns SPITTING BULLETS.

ANGLE - CLOSE ON THEM

LIL
Johnny, I'm fallin' in a big way.

JOHNNY
Ya got company.

LIL
Where are we gonna land, Johnny? And when we do, are our hearts gonna break?

JOHNNY
I'm sure there are answers to all these questions, but first...

They kiss.

LIL
Funny, isn't it?

JOHNNY
What?

LIL
It took a burst of machine gun fire to open our eyes.

They kiss again.

LIL
(cautioning)
Johnny, this is 1930. No tongues.

Johnny pushes her roughly to the ground as the same car returns from the other direction. BURST of MACHINE GUN-FIRE hits the wall where they were as Johnny and Lil continue kissing. Johnny breaks the kiss; looks around cautiously.

LIL
Don't stop. This is exciting.

ANGLE - MORONI

sticking his head out of the car.

MORONI
You summammabatches...This is fargin' war.

A NEWSPAPER

spins into view. Headline: "FARGIN'WAR!!! DUNDEE VS. MORONI."

STOCK FOOTAGE: TWO SPEEDING CARS.

passing each other, blazing GUNFIRE. One careens over the sidewalk, into a building. PUSH IN to crashed car.

MAN'S VOICE
Now they're definitely gonna drop me at AllState.

EXT. STREET - DAY

An old FRUIT PEDDLER, selling fruit. WIDEN to reveal a street and a car pulling to a stop at the curb. Three Dundee GANGSTERS get out. The Fruit Peddler grabs a stalk of bananas which SPIT out bullets like a machine gun. He mows them down.

A NEWSPAPER SPINS INTO VIEW

HEADLINE: "MORONI 8, DUNDEE 5."

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Five Moroni GANGSTERS with their MOLLS, picnicking on the beach. Girls dressed in swimsuits of the day, men in hats and 1930's men's bathing suits, black socks and shoes. The men look up, shocked, rise and pull out their guns.

ANGLE - POV HOODS

Riding the crest of the wave is a blond Malibu-type SURFER, FIRING a tommy gun.

A NEWSPAPER SPINS INTO VIEW

HEADLINE: "SCORE TIED."

EXT. LIL'S CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Lil driving, Johnny next to her. She drives into an alley.

JOHNNY
Let me out here.

The car stops.

LIL
Johnny, be careful.

JOHNNY
Hey, there ain't a bullet out there that's got my name on it.

LIL
Johnny, I couldn't stand it if somethin' happened to you.

JOHNNY
Neither could I.

He exits the car. Crosses to the end of the alley, peers around a building and crosses into the street.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Johnny, walking carefully in a squat behind the parked cars on the street. He stops at the last parked car.

JOHNNY
(counting to himself)
One hippopotamus, two hippopotamus, three hippopotamus -- go!

He rises and races across the street.

ANGLE

As Johnny runs across the street, a MAN, dressed as a sewer worker, emerges from a manhole and SHOOTS his Tommy-gun at Johnny.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

Hits the dirt and crawls on his knees and elbows to the curb.

ANGLE

In the church bell tower, a PRIEST is RINGING the bell. He sees Johnny down below, bites out the pin of a hand grenade, and hurls it down.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

dives head first into a doorway as the grenade EXPLODES.

ANGLE

All hell breaks loose as the sewer worker and TWO PAINTERS on a scaffold and a MIDGET in a baby carriage and his NURSE, OPEN FIRE with Tommy-guns at Johnny. TWO GAYS, holding hands and mincing down the street, carrying shopping bags, suddenly kneel and remove a mortar and shells from their shopping bags. One gay hands a shell to the other, who drops a shell in the barrel and leans out of the way.

ANGLE

Zigzagging and racing for cover as he hears the descending WHISTLE of the mortar shell, Johnny plunges through the doors of the Club at the same moment the shell EXPLODES outside.

INT. DUNDEE'S OFFICE - DAY

Dundee sits at his desk. Johnny enters, disheveled and sweating, closes the door and leans against it, jerking his thumb towards the street.

JOHNNY
You been out there?

DUNDEE
Pretty rough, huh?

Johnny is dusting off his otherwise immaculate clothes.

JOHNNY
Not as bad as yesterday.

DUNDEE
You'll feel better as soon as you pour yourself a drink.

ANGLE - A WORKMAN

emerges from Dundee's bathroom.

WORKMAN
All fixed, Mr. Dundee.

DUNDEE
Thanks, pal.

The Workman exits.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

at Dundee's bar, pouring himself a 1930's Sugar Free gin.

JOHNNY
Who was that?

DUNDEE
The plumber. My bathroom drain was stuck.

JOHNNY
Where's all this gang warfare gettin' us, Mr. Dundee?

DUNDEE
I want Moroni. And I'm not gonna rest easy until I get him.

JOHNNY
(meaningfully)
Or until he gets you...

DUNDEE
(expansively)
Relax, Johnny.

He walks into the bathroom.

DUNDEE (V.O.)
A year from now, we'll all look back on this and have one big laugh.
(pause)
Boy, I really had to wee-wee. It's funny, this drain has never stuck before...

CLOSE-UP - JOHNNY'S FACE

He looks up in horror.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

lunges toward the bathroom.

JOHNNY
Mr. Dundee! Don't --

Too late. We hear the SOUND of a pull chain toilet being flushed and immediately after, an enormous EXPLOSION. Johnny stares into the bathroom, shocked.

ANGLE - LIL

bursting through the door, rushing to Johnny. The rest of the gang following.

LIL
Is he...?

Johnny looks at Dundee -- on the wall, on the floor, on the ceiling.

JOHNNY
(tragically)
At least.

Lil embraces Johnny, comforting. All the gangsters remove their hats.

ANGLE - VERMIN

picks up cigarette case, coveting it. Charley crosses to Vermin, tries to take it out of Vermin's hand. Vermin holds on. Charley tugs at it.

CHARLEY
That goes to Johnny now.

Vermin reluctantly lets go.

VERMIN
I was just lookin' at it.

DUTCH
Yeah, he was just lookin' at it.

Charley hands case to Johnny.

CHARLEY
This belongs to you now...boss.

Johnny pulls himself away from his grief. Looks at the cigarette case.

JOHNNY
I'll get you for this, Moroni.
I swear on this cigarette case...
I'm gonna find something clever --
unexpected -- subtle --

EXT. A B-26 TWIN-ENGINE BOMBER

flying through the daylight sky.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Johnny, in a suit and hat, nudges the pilot and points down.

INT. CLUB MORONI - DAY

Moroni is standing with some of his Henchmen.

MORONI
How big was the fargin' crowd last night?

HENCHMAN
Packed. Hadda turn 'em away.

MORONI
Well, that's what I mean. We gotta expand this fargin' place.
(he points)
Knock down that wall -- and knock down that fargin' wall...

EFX: THE BOMBS HIT. Both walls go -- and so does everything else.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: "GANG WAR OVER! JOHNNY DANGEROUSLY WINS IT ALL!"

PUSH IN to newspaper lead story, "WHO IS JOHNNY DANGEROUSLY?" PAN to a picture titled, "POLICE ARTIST COMPOSITE." The drawing looks like Sylvester Stallone.

DISSOLVE TO:

WIDE SHOT - CROWD

of WELL-WISHERS, RELATIVES and COLLEGE GRADUATES in caps and gowns, milling on a campus lawn directly after a graduation ceremony.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

in his summer linens; Mom in a cloth coat, carrying a shopping bag; Sally, wearing something virginal, and the graduate, Tommy, in cap and gown, on the lawn.

MOM
(to Tommy)
Ah, Tommy, we're so proud of you.

JOHNNY
We sure are, kid.

TOMMY
I owe it all to you, Johnny.

JOHNNY
Ah, g'wan.

MOM
This calls for a photograph of the two Kelly boys. I'll get my camera.

She rummages through her shopping bag. She takes out a leg of lamb and hands it to Sally.

MOM
Hold this for me. Where the hell is that camera?

She takes out a platinum hooker's wig and hands it to Sally. She hands her a white vibrator. Mom keeps rummaging. PAN to Johnny. He takes a note out of his pocket and hands it to Tommy.

TOMMY
(reading)
Kimball, Pritchard and Williston?

JOHNNY
The biggest law firm in the city. Give 'em a call. I think you'll find them -- receptive.

TOMMY
Gee thanks, Johnny, but I've already made up my mind. And I know you're gonna be real proud of me when I tell you I'm joining the District Attorney's office. See, Johnny, I'm dedicating my life to fighting crime! Isn't that great?

Johnny takes a long breath.

JOHNNY
Fighting -- fighting --

TOMMY
Crime.

JOHNNY
Right. Fighting crime. My brother, who I put through law school is fighting --

TOMMY
Crime.

JOHNNY
Riiiiiiiight.

Mom surreptitiously hands out shot glasses.

TOMMY
(admonishing)
Mom, it's prohibition.

MOM
Ah, shut up. Stop acting like a fag choirboy.

She unscrews the lens part of the camera and pours whiskey from it.

MOM
(holding up her glass)
A toast to my two darlin' sons. One a successful nightclub owner, the other, a crime fighter. I tell you, with a father like Killer Kelly, it's a miracle that neither one of you turned out to be a piece of shit criminal.

Johnny misses part of his mouth as he drinks.

EXT. CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING - DAY

Tommy and Sally, impressed by its grandeur. Sally wears a flimsy street dress. The kind you see on calendars in garages.

TOMMY
My first day.

He looks at her...and looks...and looks.

TOMMY
Maybe I can be a little late.

SALLY
No, Tommy. We can wait. Marriage, sex, fondling, foreplay -- they'll only be a distraction.

TOMMY
(pulling himself together)
You're right, but do me a favor? Could you dress down a little?

He kisses her and starts up the steps.

INT. ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

The office is a large open space with many desks for lawyers. The way the desks are placed resembles a secretarial pool. An ASSISTANT D.A. is talking to a PRIZEFIGHTER dressed in a robe with his boxing gloves still on, and a small, nervous MANAGER wearing a derby.

ASST. D.A. #1
Hey, look, we got you the license... now all you have to do is take a dive in the fifth.

MANAGER
Sure, sure, the Kid understands. Don't you kid?

PAN to another desk at which a dark, brooding MAN is seated, talking to ASSISTANT D.A. #2.

ASST. D.A. #2
That's first degree murder, Al. And it's your third this year. This one's going to cost you a bundle.

AL
I'm kinda short of cash.

ASST. D.A. #2
S'okay. We take cards.

He pushes laminated display sign forward. It reads, "MASTERBRIBE."

PAN TO another desk where ASSISTANT D.A. #3 talks to a MADAM with TWO PAINTED HOOKERS.

ASST. D.A. #3
Look, it's just a short movie. No sound. You can cover your faces with masks or something.

ANGLE - TOMMY

cheerfully bursting through the double doors.

TOMMY
Hi, I'm the new Assistant D. A. I'm ready to join you in the war against crime.

He strides through, purposefully, and enters District Attorney Benedict Burr's office. Everybody stares after him like he's some kind of loon.

INT. BURR'S OFFICE - DAY

Tommy charging in.

TOMMY
Tommy Kelly reporting for duty, Mr. Burr.

ANGLE

Back of a large leather swivel chair. A man's hand with a huge pinky ring, holding a smoking cigar. He looks out window with a spy glass. The chair swivels around. D.A.BURR, unctuous, pencil-thin mustacheoed, the only D.A. ever to wear white patent leather shoes to work, corruption incarnate, rises and sticks out his hand.

BURR
Ah, Kelly. Welcome to the team.

KELLY
I'm happy to be a part of any team whose adversary is crime.

Burr gives him an "Are you for real?" look.

BURR
Well said. Just what I wanted to hear, son. That's why we scout the law schools for idealists like yourself. But before you start, why don't you ease into the job. Take a little vacation.

TOMMY
A vacation? What about crime?

BURR
Don't worry. It'll still be here when you get back.

TOMMY
But don't you see? That's the trouble. Crime will always be here unless something is done about it. And that is my mission.

BURR
(picking up his glass)
Keep talking.
(he looks out window)
I'm listening.

ANGLE - POV SPYGLASS

on window across the street. A body building gym. Lots of well-built, well oiled MALE BODY BUILDERS exercizing - Tommy continues in the b.g.

ANGLE - TOMMY

TOMMY
To recruit Mr. and Mrs. John Doe into our crusade against crime.

BURR
(intent on the body building)
Ah, hah...

TOMMY
To let them know we're partners in this war. That we need their eyes, their ears, their minds, their heads to assist us in this great struggle. And <u>how</u> are we going to carry this message to the people?... <u>Radio</u>!

BURR
(still looking)
Radio...great, love it. That'll keep you busy, huh?

PUSH IN on Tommy's determined face.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY. QUARTET OF SINGERS

at mike that reads "WDA-CRIME RADIO."

SINGERS
(singing)
WDA radio-o-o - h.

SWISH PAN to Tommy at mike.

TOMMY
Assistant D.A. Kelly on the air with Crime Talk, hello.

MAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
I saw a cop being bribed by a local merchant.

TOMMY
(business-like)
Give my operator his name and badge number.
(click)
Crime Talk. You're on the air.

STOCK FOOTAGE:

stills, speakeasies, gambling equipment - all being destroyed with accompanying arrests, along with shots of people glued to radios and making calls... HOUSEWIFE, MILKMAN, Mom, Johnny, Vermin, Burr, Dutch. All from different locales, i.e. Johnny on massage table, Mom ironing, etc.

SUPER - All this OVER CLOSE-UP Tommy's fielding questions at the radio mike.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
True to his word, Tommy Kelly becomes the scourge of Crime. To the law abiding citizen, he is the Fighting D.A. To the racketeers, he is a pain in the ass.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A police car comes to a screeching halt. TWO DETECTIVES pull Vermin out of the car. Tommy walks up to them.

VERMIN
You crazy? Pullin' me in for a three year old parking ticket?

INT. JOHNNY'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is an art deco dream, in keeping with Johnny's better taste.

The gang and Burr are listening to Tommy on the radio. Vermin sits next to Polly, cleaning his nails with a switchblade. Johnny paces around as a TAILOR follows him, trying to make adjustments on a jacket.

Burr turns off the radio.

BURR
I never knew this radio stunt would catch on so big. He's impossible to control. The public sees him as a knight in shining armor.

VERMIN
(picking up his magnum)
This goes through armor, then through the victim, then through the wall, then outside through a tree and so on and so on.

JOHNNY
This Kelly's got nothin' on us.

VERMIN
Maybe we should wait around till he does, right Boss?

JOHNNY
Shut your yap, Vermin. We knock off Kelly and the whole city'd be breathin' down our necks.
(to tailor)
Supress the waist a little, huh?

VERMIN
If Jocko was in charge we'd be makin' cement loafers for him by now.

JOHNNY
Jocko's not in charge, I am. Got it?
(to Burr)
Listen, Burr, why don't you talk to the kid? Get him to play ball.

BURR
(smiling)
Fabulous idea. We'll appeal to the more practical side of the man.

Johnny winks and sticks some bills in Burr's pocket.

JOHNNY
Right. And buy yourself a second home.

BURR
Thanks, Johnny.

He leaves.

VERMIN
(fed up)
Ah, this gang's gettin' soft! By lettin' this Kelly guy take us apart we've become the laughin' stock of the underworld.

DUTCH
Yeah.

VERMIN
At parties people ask me what I do. I tell them anything. I'm a barber, a male nurse. I'm ashamed to admit I'm a criminal!

DUTCH
Me, too.

Other Hoodlums start mumbling in agreement.

AD LIBS: "Yeah, Johnny, we gotta do somethin'." "He's puttin' us outta business." What follows is a chorus of protestations of impending disaster. Johnny shakes his head sadly.

JOHNNY
You mugs really disappoint me. Look around you. What do you see? I'll tell you what I see. I see guys doin' pretty good. Rudy, you got a Jacuzzi?

Rudy nods.

JOHNNY (CON'T.)
Ollie, you send your mother to Norway every year?

Ollie, the Blonde one, nods.

JOHNNY (CON'T.)
Vito, how many hats you own?

VITO
Upwards of 180.

JOHNNY
You name me another gang in New York that's got a dental plan. And you know why we're so successful?

CHARLEY
Why, Johnny? Tell us.

JOHNNY
Because we're diversified. We're constantly exploring new and exciting areas of crime and I tell you we better 'cause there's a couple of Japanese gangs out there that'll do it faster and cheaper.
(a beat)
Believe me, there's so much out there I'm sure you'll all find something you like.

VERMIN
I'm doin' what I like now. Collectin' protection money, puttin' hoahs to work, loan sharkin', plantin' bombs in cars...these are a few of my favorite things.

PARROT
Sick? Don't ask.

Vermin, furious, shoots at the parrot.

PARROT
Missed, fuck face.

Johnny jumps Vermin, takes the gun away.

JOHNNY
(indicating gun)
Okay, Vermin, you're not gettin' this back till I feel you've matured.

VERMIN
You're awful touchy today, Johnny. What is it? Somethin' between you and this Kelly guy?

Johnny grabs him in a flash and hangs him on a hook on the back of the door.

JOHNNY
Why don't you hang around the office a while, Vermin?
(to gang)
C'mon, boys, I'm buyin'.

He flings the door open, SMASHING Vermin against the wall. Johnny and the gang exit, except for Dutch. Dutch swings the door back. Vermin is hanging there.

VERMIN
I know there's somethin' fishy with Johnny and that D.A. and I'm gonna find out what it is.

INT. BURR'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Tommy enters through the front door with folders. Burr greets him. Tommy looks around overcome by Burr's lavish, antique-filled house.

TOMMY
(breathlessly)
Good news, sir. I've got enough evidence here to put Johnny Dangerously where he belongs.

BURR
Hold on there, Kelly...We don't even know such a man exists.

He hands Burr some folders.

TOMMY
Until now. Sir, there's conclusive evidence...notarized depositions, tire prints, blood samples, eye witness acounts, fingerprints, murder weapons, signed confessions, recordings...

Burr glances through the folders.

BURR
(cutting him off)
Hold it, kid. Hold it. It's flimsy...It's not enough. It'll never hold up. Not in a court of law. Let's put all this aside. We're here to socialize, not talk shop.

INT. BURR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

walnut panelled, sumptuous. Tommy and Burr are seated at an elegant long table finishing dinner. Silver and crystal service with liveried servants in attendance.

BURR
You have enough milk-fed veal, Tommy?

TOMMY
Yes, sir. Delicious. But now, sir, can we get back to this damaging evidence on Johnny Dangerously?

BURR
(holding up a hand)
No. No talking shop tonight.

Burr indicates to servant to clear the plates.

BURR
Tonight I want to talk about Tommy Kelly and his future.
(a fatherly look)
What's your salary now?

TOMMY
Thirty-five dollars a week, sir.

BURR
You're engaged aren't you, Tommy?

TOMMY
Yes, sir. To a fine, decent girl. We plan to get married soon.

BURR
As soon as you can afford it, eh?

TOMMY
We'll manage.

BURR
I'm sure you will, but a little help can't hurt.

Burr reaches down and picks up T.V. remote control-type device. He presses down.

ANGLE - POV BURR AND TOMMY

The opposite wall slides open, revealing a stage. A T.V. type ANNOUNCER, all smiles, demonstrates. An electric sign with words, "Play Ball" goes on and off.

ANNOUNCER
It's time to "Play Ball." Let's see what's in store for Tommy Kelly and his future bride if he... Plays Ball.

He crosses to 30's stove with oven attached.

ANNOUNCER
In a hurry, Sally? Pop it into this time saving microflame oven. Cook a whole turkey in just under a day.

ANGLE - TOMMY, BEAMING

Announcer crosses to a MODEL wearing fur coat.

ANNOUNCER
On those chilly winter nights, Sally can wrap herself up in this mink number. And on those hot summer nights, she can wrap herself up in ice.

Model turns, opens coat, her otherwise nude body, covered entirely with diamonds.

ANNOUNCER
If Tommy plays ball.

ANGLE - BURR

smiles at Tommy, hopefully. Tommy looks confused.

ANNOUNCER
Depressed about the Depression, Tommy and Sally? Get away from it all. Take a trip on us, around the world - twice - aboard the S.S. Kelly.

STILL PHOTO - luxurious yacht with S.S.KELLY on it.

ANNOUNCER
And when you return, move into your own cozy little love nest.

STILL PHOTO - Philadelphia Art Museum.

ANNOUNCER
Plenty of extra closet space and perfect for entertaining.

The wall comes back down covering the stage.

BACK TO BURR AND TOMMY - It's all clear to him now.

BURR
Play ball and it's all yours. What do you say?

TOMMY
I say, I'll see you behind bars.

He turns and stalks off. A beat. Burr crosses to phone and picks it up.

INT. JOHNNY DANGEROUSLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Vermin answers the ringing phone.

VERMIN
Hello...What's up?

SCREEN SPLITS

Burr's image fills the other half of the screen.

BURR
He didn't go for it. What should I do?

VERMIN
Hold on, I'll ask Johnny.

Vermin imitates far off voice of Johnny saying "kill him."

VERMIN
(into phone)
He said kill him.

BURR
Great. Rid me of the nosey little shit.

Lose Burr from split screen. Vermin starts giggling uncontrollably. Johnny enters. Stares at Vermin.

JOHNNY
What's funny?

VERMIN
(beside himself)
Nothin'.

JOHNNY
Don't ever laugh at anything that's not funny. Not in my presence.

Vermin trying his best to control his hysteria.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR

Tommy starts up the car and turns on the radio.

MUSIC: BIG BAND MUSIC WITH SINGER -- playing an appropriate song like "I've Got A Feeling I'm Falling."

The car starts out.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Tommy starts driving down the hill. Now, we all know what's coming. In the following sequence, we will do the classic car-with-no-brakes going down the steep hill scene. During the scene, we will do QUICK CUTS of the following typical shots:

A. Road signs reading: "CAUTION -- CURVES AHEAD", "SPEED -- 15", "SLOW DOWN", etc.

B. The car speedometer -- needle moving up to the top of the dial.

C. Tommy's foot futilely pumping on the brake pedal.

D. Various horrified looks on Tommy's face.

E. As car picks up speed, road sign, "SLOW DOWN, IDIOT."

F. Even the MUSIC on the car radio will accelerate until the singer sounds like one of the Chipmunks.

G. Car out of control. Sign, "O.K. IT'S YOUR FUNERAL."

H. STOCK SHOT of car over the side, down a steep canyon. DOUBLE CUT footage to give the impression the car is dropping down Mt. Everest.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

There are TWO BODIES in traction. Both figures are in casts from head to toe. The door opens and Mom, with Johnny, tiptoe into the room.

JOHNNY
Which one is Tommy?

MOM
Got me.

Mom and Johnny tiptoe over to the patient. Mom peers into the eye slit.

MOM
Here he is. He's got his father's eyes. Gimme a pen.

Johnny hands her a pen. She writes "Tommy" in large letters on the cast across his forehead.

MOM
That's in case they move him.

JOHNNY
Mom, do you think they...well, is he...is he gonna...will he...will he...ah...

MOM
Croak? Nah. Don't worry. Dr. Kaplan says he's going to be fine. We Kellys are tough.

JOHNNY
Let's step outside.

They start to exit toward corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR

JOHNNY
What the hell happened, Ma?

MOM
Coming down the hill from the D.A.'s house, his brakes failed.

JOHNNY
His brakes? I smell a rat. Mom, grab a cab and go home. Here...

Johnny hands her a wad of money.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - JOHNNY

JOHNNY
I got some business to attend to.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Johnny seated with Burr at a small cocktail table.

BURR
This is very nice, although unexpected.

JOHNNY
Well, I figured you been on the take from us all these years. This is just my way of sayin' thanks.

BURR
Well, that's real generous of you.
(leaning in, intimately)
Y'know, Johnny, you've always seemed to me to be more sensitive than the rest. We should spend some time together. Say a couple of weeks in Puerto Rico.

He puts his hand on Johnny's knee. Johnny, playing along, puts his hand on Burr's and squeezes it gently.

JOHNNY
It's a thought. This is for you.

He hands him a box. Burr removes a sweater.

BURR
A sweater, I love it.
(takes off jacket,
puts on sweater)
Red, my favorite color.

They raise their glasses.

BURR
(looking at glass)
By the way, what is this stuff?

JOHNNY
Read the label. S'cuse me, I gotta make a call.

He exits.

BURR
(reading label)
Malt liquor?
(raises his glass
to his lips)

SFX: RUMBLE of HOOFBEATS. TIGHTEN on Burr's face, his eyes widening.

REVERSE ANGLE - POV BURR

Schlitz Malt Liquor bull CRASHING through wall of cafe.

FREEZE FRAME.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A panel truck with the inscription "NEW YORK DAILY GAZETTE," slows down as it PASSES the CAMERA. We are at an intersection. At the corner is a newsstand. The elderly BLIND PROPRIETOR of the newsstand comes around to receive that night's editions. He is wearing dark glasses and has a white cane.

A MAN on the back of the truck tosses out a bundle of papers, yelling, "Yo." The bundle catches the elderly vendor squarely in the face, knocking him down. His glasses and cane go flying. He struggles to his feet and picks up a newspaper.

VENDOR
My God, I can see, I can see!

A hand comes in and picks up a copy of the paper.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"BURR DIES IN COMMERCIAL - KELLY NEW D.A. Vows to get Johnny Dangerously."

We FOLLOW the papers as they TRAVEL UP a well-creased pant leg. PULL BACK to reveal that it is Johnny Dangerously. An ironic smile across Johnny's mouth.

INT. JOHNNY'S APT. HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON mailbox. PAN mailbox names: "Al and Cindy Capone," "Legs and Shirley Diamond," "Dutch and Joan Shultz," "Pretty Boy and Pretty Girl Floyd." Johnny opens his box, takes out mail.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Lil, dressed in something glamorous and flowing, sits on the sofa knitting a baby's pullover. Johnny enters.

JOHNNY
Hi, Honey, I'm home.

He looks weary. He removes his hat and throws it at the hat rack. It misses and goes sailing out the window.

LIL
(surprised)
You never missed before, Johnny. Somethin' wrong?

She crosses to him; concerned.

JOHNNY
(waving newspaper)
My own brother's out to get me. That psycho Vermin's out to get him. The gang's gettin' antsy. The Crime Commission's puttin' the heat on.
(indicates knitting)
I hope that's for a small grown-up.

LIL
Nah, just wishful thinkin'.

JOHNNY
Maybe someday, kid.

LIL
When, Johnny? When are we gonna stop runnin' and start livin'? I don't mean to complain, but with Tommy and Sally gettin' hitched tomorrow, it got me thinkin'. I got a real old-fashioned streak in me. I want to hang curtains, re-upholster a chair. I want to vacuum.

JOHNNY
You talkin' about a normal life. Johnny Dangerously can't live a normal life. It ain't in the cards. People like me, we're like shootin' stars, we cross the sky, burnin' hot for a moment in time, then we plunge to earth and disappear.
(thinking)
Jesus Christ, I think I just upset myself.

LIL
It doesn't have to be that way, Johnny. We can change.

JOHNNY
You think we can, Lil?

LIL
Sure we can. We gotta change 'cause this is no way to live. Look, Johnny...

She grabs his hand, pulls him into the kitchen. Johnny follows.

INT. KITCHEN

The stove, refrigerator, cupboards are covered in white quilted satin.

LIL
I want to cook but I can't on this. And this refrigerator...

She goes to refrigerator. He stops and turns on burner causing some of the quilting to catch on fire. He quickly knocks it down. Lil opens the refrigerator door. The shelves are also white, quilted satin.

LIL
You can't put food in here. It gets stained. Think of it, Johnny. We got a refrigerator that has to be dry cleaned. That's no life!

JOHNNY
You're right, Lil.

Troubled, he exits kitchen.

INT. LIVINGROOM

Johnny enters, crosses to the window. Looks out over the East River. Lil joins him.

JOHNNY
I dunno, dare we dream, little house, white picket fence, huh?

LIL
(emotionally)
Yeah, Johnny. Kids and dogs playin' in the front yard.

JOHNNY
Car pools, P.T.A.

LIL
Sharin' casserole recipes. Puttin' in shelf paper.

JOHNNY
Sayin' "hi" to a neighbor named Fred. Yeah, maybe there is a rainbow for us out there.

SFX: DOORBELL

Johnny crosses to door, opens it. Standing there is a short, middle-aged, friendly ITALIAN WOMAN.

JOHNNY
Hi, Mrs. Capone.

MRS. CAPONE
We're a little short. Can I borrow a cup of bullets?

JOHNNY
We're kinda low, too.

MRS. CAPONE
(shaking her head)
Oh, boy. Al's gonna be pissed. Well, he'll just have to stay home tonight.

She leaves. Johnny closes the door. Johnny and Lil exchange glances, reality taking over.

EXT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

HOOD-TYPES wearing sunglasses, with their MOLLS, enter and exit the building. Johnny and Lil exit the building and get into Johnny's car. They start off.

ANGLE - POV WINDSHIELD

Vermin and Dutch watching from inside their car.

VERMIN
Follow 'em.

Dutch starts it up.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Johnny and Lil pull up and get out of their car. They go up the steps.

INT. VERMIN'S CAR - DAY

As they arrive at City Hall.

VERMIN
(pointing)
Park it in that slot.

ANGLE - THEIR POV - PARKING SPOT - SIGN

"Reserved for the Handicapped" (wheel chair sticker)

DUTCH
It's for the handicapped.

VERMIN
I <u>am</u> handicapped. I'm psychotic.

Dutch parks the car. Vermin puts a card in the windshield. It shows a drawing of a face with a demented look, crazed eyes.

INT. CITY HALL - WEDDING ROOM - DAY

A JUDGE is marrying Tommy and Sally. Johnny, Lil and Mom tearfully look on.

JUDGE
By the power vested in me I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.

Tommy and Sally kiss. Then everybody starts hugging and kissing.

ANGLE - MOM AND LIL

hugging.

MOM
You've gotten to be like a daughter to me, Lil, and I wanna share somethin' with you.

LIL
What's that, Mom Kelly?

MOM
I go both ways.

ANGLE - JOHNNY AND TOMMY

embracing. PAN off them to chamber door. Through the glass we see a stunned Vermin and Dutch watching the proceedings.

ANGLE - TOMMY AND SALLY, KISSING.

TOMMY
(huskily)
I'm glad we waited.

SALLY
Yes, yes.

TOMMY
But I can't wait any more.

SALLY
Okay, where?

TOMMY
Someplace real close.

They rush to the door and exit.

INT. CORRIDOR

Tommy and Sally burst through the door and race down the hall. Vermin and Dutch hidden behind a post watch them pass.

ANGLE - ANOTHER PART OF CORRIDOR

Tommy opens a door, looks in and pulls Sally in.

INT. - ROOM

Tommy pulls a chain. The room lights up revealing they are in a utility room with rags, pails, detergents, etc. They begin frantically to undress.

SALLY
How do we do this?

TOMMY
Sit on that shelf.
(sweeps supplies off a shelf)
Brace one foot up against the wall...

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE WEDDING CHAMBER.

Johnny, Lil and Mom exit.

MOM
I know Tommy's excited, but I wonder if he knows about foreplay.

JOHNNY
(chuckling)
He'll figure it out.

MOM
(scolding)
Now tell me, Johnny Kelly, when are you gonna follow your brother's example?

They walk by the post. (A beat.) Vermin and Dutch come out from behind. Vermin grabs Dutch by the ears in triumph.

VERMIN
Brothers! I knew there was something.

Dutch reacts in agony.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET

Tommy and Sally going at it.

SALLY
(loudly)
Oh, Tommy! Talk to me. Tell me. Describe. Say things. Talk dirty. Do you know any limericks?

CORRIDOR

Vermin and Dutch, crossing past the utility closet.

VERMIN
I can't get over it. Johnny Dangerously is Tommy Kelly's brother.

CLOSE-UP - TOMMY

hearing.

TOMMY
What?

ANGLE - VERMIN

VERMIN
Johnny Dangerously is the D.A.'s brother.
(his eyes brim with tears)
I'm so happy.

They walk off, turn into another corridor.

ANGLE - ON UTILITY CLOSET DOOR

Tommy bursts out the door, pulling on his pants. Runs down the hall and around the corner.

SALLY (V.O.)
That's it? You selfish bastard!

From around the corner, a BLACK PORTER of about seventy, carrying a mop and pail, comes into view.

THE PORTER
(singing)
"Step up and say Hello to Jesus...
And shake Mister Jesus by the hand..."

He proceeds down the hall, opens the door to the utility closet and walks in. STAY on the door. A beat.

SFX: PAIL, JAW AND PANTS DROPPING

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Johnny walking to side entrance, almost bumping into Tommy who comes rushing out.

JOHNNY
There you are. We're all waitin' in the car. I was wonderin' what happened to my married kid brother.

TOMMY
(bitterly)
I'm Johnny Kelly's kid brother - not Johnny Dangerously's.

A beat.

JOHNNY
Just a matter of time, wasn't it? All I ask is you don't tell Mom.

TOMMY
She's gonna find out because when I put you behind bars, Johnny Dangerously, your picture will be on the front page of every newspaper in this country!

He turns away, trying to hold back his tears.

TOMMY
(continuing)
Why, Johnny?...Why?

JOHNNY
Maybe it's because that Big Dealer up in the sky shuffles the cards and we just play what we're dealt.

TOMMY
It's against the law to gamble.

He slams his fist into his palm.

TOMMY (CON'T.)
I took an oath to fight crime, Johnny. But, I can't go after my own brother. Johnny, we gotta settle this...with our fists.

JOHNNY
(pleading)
Whoa! Hold it! You can't fight me. I'm too good! Watch this combination.

Tommy lashes out clumsily. He's really bad. Johnny shadow boxes a quick succession of lefts and rights. He looks good.

TOMMY
I'll take my chances. It's the only way. I win, you quit. You win, I quit.

ANGLE - TOMMY'S FACE, POV JOHNNY

As Johnny looks at it with THREE DISSOLVES: He sees first, Tommy as a six-year-old; then, Tommy with his diploma; and then, Tommy as D.A. And then, Johnny sees a PICTURE OF MOM.

MOM (V.O.)
Johnny, take a dive.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

He stops in his tracks and drops his hands, leaving himself wide open for Tommy's smashing right hook. Johnny goes down. Tommy kneels over him. Johnny has a contented smile on his face.

JOHNNY
You win, kid. I'm going legit.

Tommy leaps on Johnny, embraces him.

TOMMY
Thanks, Johnny.

JOHNNY
Hey, kid. I didn't know you packed such a wallop.

TWO MEN with briefcases, passing by, wonder what two men are doing hugging on the floor.

INT. JOHNNY'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON Magnum being polished and caressed. A CLIP is inserted in the chamber and slapped into place. PULL BACK to reveal Vermin and the rest of the gang. Every person is fiddling with a gun and has a cigarette dangling from his lip. They all continue to chain-smoke throughout.

SFX: A shot rings out.

HOODLUM #1
Who did that?

VERMIN
(innocently)
Sorry. Did I getcha?

Hoodlum #1 opens his suit jacket and displays the spot where the bullet hit. The jacket is smouldering. He ignores the wound in his chest.

HOODLUM #1
Hey, you ruined the jacket.

He puts his finger through the hole in the jacket and wiggles his finger.

ANGLE - DUTCH PULLS VERMIN ASIDE

DUTCH
When are you gonna tell the boys about Johnny?

VERMIN
(relishing)
Soon as Johnny gets here. I wanna see the look on his face.

The door opens and Johnny enters. Johnny, hit by all the smoke, waves it away from himself. He pulls a cigarette out of a hood's mouth.

JOHNNY
Y'know you're not doin' yourself any good.
(looks at camera holding up cigarette)
And for you kids out there, don't start! And if you started, stop! This don't make you look tough, only foolish. If you gotta put somethin' in your mouth...
(takes out the cigarette case and removes a stick of gum)
...make it a stick of gum. Smokin' is the worst thing you can do to your body.

Hoodlum #1 falls over, dead, the cigarette still in his mouth. Johnny notices.

JOHNNY
See?

VERMIN
Come on. Let's have it. I'll be late for target practice. There's an opera lettin' out.

JOHNNY
Okay, here it is. Johnny Dangerously is goin' legit.

MANNY
Le-what?

JOHNNY
Legit.

CHARLEY
Johnny, le-why?

VERMIN
I'll tell you le-why. Le-cause Johnny Dangerously is really Johnny Kelly, brother of the D.A., Tommy Kelly.

Quick reactions of the hoodlums faces, registering shock and dismay. Hoodlum #1, (still dead,) is the the only one who remains calm.

CHARLEY
Johnny, is this true? 'Cause if it is, I don't know how to react.

Johnny pauses. Pats Charley.

JOHNNY
Yeah, kid, it's true. Tommy Kelly is my brother...and ya know what? I'm proud of him.

VERMIN
Sure you're proud of him. You been workin' with him all these years, makin' sure he don't get bumped off, helpin' him in his career. Now that he's on top you're ready to run out on us. You never really cared about crime.

JOHNNY
Turn off the bagpipes, Vermin. I've devoted my life to crime since I was twelve years old. But now it's time to relax and enjoy what we got. I'm closin' this store for good.

VERMIN
(defiantly)
And I'm reopenin' it under new management.

JOHNNY
(producing a set of keys)
You ain't got the key, Vermin. I do, and I'm turnin' 'em over to the Crime Commissioner tonight.

VERMIN
And us with 'em, huh, Johnny? I knew it. He's turning squealer.

Johnny starts to slap him and stops.

JOHNNY
You know what? I'm bored with slappin' you around.
(to the gang)
I'm the one they're after. The rest of you are in the clear.

Johnny crosses to the door.

JOHNNY
And guys, don't think it hasn't been swell.

Flashes a big smile. He leaves.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO LARGE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

There is a CLEANING LADY mopping the floor. She is a frail, elderly woman. Johnny's FOOTSTEPS ECHO across the marble. He walks across the floor, right through an area which has just been mopped, toward the bank of elevators.

CLEANING LADY
Dirty Jew, shanty nigger, white-trash bastard! G'head, walk all over the little people!

She throws her mop to the floor in disgust.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 15th FLOOR

Elevator door opens and Johnny emerges. He walks down the hall to the only lighted office on the floor. The door reads: "FEDERAL CRIME COMMISSION." At the bottom of the door, another inscription reads: "IF NOT HERE, LEAVE EVIDENCE UNDER DOOR."

Johnny knocks on the door. The door swings open of its own weight. A little puzzled, Johnny enters and walks through an outer office toward the Commissioner's private office. The door to the private office is open. He enters.

The COMMISSIONER is seated, apparently reading some papers. He looks quite engrossed. Johnny walks over to the desk and tosses his manilla envelope on it.

JOHNNY
There's all the evidence against me. Just like I promised you. Use it. I'm ready to pay my debt.

Johnny waits for an answer. None is forthcoming. We know why.

JOHNNY
Hey, how about a thank-you?

Johnny leans over and touches the Commissioner. The body falls over.

JOHNNY
Hey, how about me gettin' out of here?

Johnny is hit on the head with the butt end of a gun. In the moment before he is going unconscious:

JOHNNY
Hey, how about me being knocked out?

He falls to the floor. PULL BACK to reveal Danny Vermin and Dutch Winkler. Danny motions to Dutch. Dutch rubs fingerprints off a pistol, presses weapon into the unconscious Johnny's hand. Vermin then takes the evidence which Johnny brought to the Commissioner, and puts it in the Commissioner's own folder to make it look as though the Commissioner already had the evidence.

VERMIN
(to Johnny)
I'd like to stay and see how this comes out, but I gotta get back and open a new store.

Danny and Dutch laugh. They start off. Suddenly Danny stops and goes back to Johnny's body. He reaches into Johnny's vest pocket and extracts the cigarette case bearing the initials, "J.D." He snickers psychotically.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open. Danny and Dutch hurry out. The cleaning Lady is still mopping the floor. They walk right across the freshly-mopped floor.

CLEANING LADY
You lousy wop, slovak, chink, jap, polak, spik, kraut, sheeny hebe fags!

VERMIN
Hey, doll, how'd you like to make some money?

CLEANING LADY
One at a time, or both of you together?

VERMIN
How much would it cost to get you to clean Room 708 and forget you ever saw us?

CLEANING LADY
Seventeen thousand dollars.

Danny pulls out a wad of money and counts seventeen bills into her hand.

VERMIN
There's the seventeen thousand. Now forget we ever gave you this money.

CLEANING LADY
What money?

VERMIN
Atta girl.

Danny and Dutch start out the door.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A group of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS wait on the steps of the precinct. A police car screeches to a halt. A COUPLE of COPS escort Johnny out of the car and up to the police station door. The Reporters follow him up, firing unintelligible questions at Johnny.

JOHNNY
Alright, boys, one at a time, one at a time.

The six Reporters we saw at City Hall raise their hands. They are all dressed typically: all wear cheap gray, double-breasted suits, ties open at the throat, and hats are just a little bigger than they need be. They all have press cards on their hats. They all have notebooks and pencils.

REPORTER DIERING
Did you do it, Johnny?

JOHNNY
You know better'n to ask that, Diering.
(points to Duffy)
Duffy...

DUFFY
What were you doing seeing the Commissioner?

JOHNNY
Telling him I decided to go legit.

DUFFY
Le-<u>what</u>?

JOHNNY
<u>Legit</u>. You heard it.

REPORTER DANZING
They found you with a gun in your hand, Johnny. Explain that.

JOHNNY
Hey, boys...I been framed, like the Mona Lisa. You can print this. One more question...
(points to another)
Dubrow...

REPORTER DUBROW
Johnny, what are the three major exports of Belgium?

JOHNNY
Lace, porcelain and cheese by-products.

ALL
(ad lib)
Wow!
He's right...
What a memory...

PHOTOGRAPHER
Johnny, can we get a picture?

JOHNNY
(turning quickly)
No...
(then, realizing)
Sure, why not?

The Photographers get into position.

JOHNNY
Take your time, boys. This is the first picture even taken of Johnny Dangerously. Make it a good one.

He gives a broad smile as flashbulbs go off.

JOHNNY
Thank you, boys.

Temporarily blinded, he walks into the door of the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION

It looks like a 1930's version of the station in "Hill St. Blues" - hookers, pimps. Big Hubbub. PEOPLE crossing in front of camera. TWO COPS come toward camera, one black, one white.

BLACK COP
What does he mean "be careful out there?"

Johnny enters. Lil is there. She has a fur coat draped over her shoulders. She is wearing the evening dress that she uses in her act in the Club.

LIL
Oh, Johnny, I came as soon as I heard. Left right in the middle of a number.

Johnny starts emptying his pockets and puts money, keys, wallet, handkerchief, etc., on the desk. Then he reaches into his breast pocket. He looks alarmed. He tries his other breast pocket.

JOHNNY
My cigarette case...where's my cigarette case?

LIL
Maybe you left it at home, Johnny.

JOHNNY
I never go anywhere without it. It's my good luck piece. Whoever bumped off the Commissioner has it.

ANGLE - DOORS OF THE POLICE STATION

They fly open and in rushes DARRELL DeBAUCHE (DeBohsh), Johnny's mouthpiece. His is fifty-ish, his hair is slicked down. He is wearing slippers, pajamas and a robe over them. There is an obvious lipstick smudge on the side of the counsellor's mouth. On his arm is a VIRGINIA MAYO-type. She wears a filmy robe over a filmy nightgown, and pink mules with pompons on the front.

DARRELL
Let me through. I'm his lawyer, Darrell DeBauche.
(to Johnny)
I stopped everything and came here as soon as I heard, Johnny. This is my associate, Virginia.

VIRGINIA
(open-mouthed)
You're Johnny Dangerously.
(to Desk Sergeant)
You're the Desk Sergeant.
(to Reporter)
You're a Reporter.

JOHNNY
(to Darrell)
She ain't workin' on <u>this</u> case is she?

DARRELL
Don't worry, Johnny. They'll never pin this on you. I'll have you outta here in no time.

SERGEANT
Hate to disappoint you, Mr. DeBauche, but Johnny's being held without bail.

DARRELL
By whose orders?

SERGEANT
By the man who's going to prosecute the case -- the D.A. himself.

SWISH PAN to doors. Tommy stands framed in the doorway.

TOMMY
I suppose this is what you call "going legit."

JOHNNY
I swear I didn't do it. I been set up. You find my cigarette case, you'll find the guy who bumped off the Commissioner.

TOMMY
Come on, there's millions of cigarette cases out there.

JOHNNY
Yeah, but none of 'em got a bullet dent and smell like Juicy Fruit.

DeBAUCHE
Johnny, I'm your lawyer. Maybe you'd better let me handle this.

JOHNNY
Get outta my way, DeBauche. I don't need a lawyer to handle my own brother!

One Reporter picks up on the word "brother."

REPORTER
You mean that you and he...?

JOHNNY
That's right. Me and him are brothers.

TOMMY
We <u>were</u> brothers.

The Reporters rush en masse for the one phone booth against the wall. This scene is the Stuntmen's Association's dream. Fist fighting ensues. Bodies hurled. As soon as a Reporter reaches the phone, he's pulled off and flung somewhere. The fighting is fierce, unbelievably dirty, groin kicks, eye gauging, etc...

EXT. STREET CORNER - NEWSSTAND - NIGHT

A New York Daily Gazette truck pulls up to the corner, stops and BEEPS its horn. The formerly-blind newspaper vendor comes jauntily around to receive that night's City Edition. He receives same...again, right in the head. A MAN comes up to buy a paper as the vendor struggles to his feet.

MAN
Izzat the City Edition?

VENDOR
What?

MAN
(yelling)
I said, izzat the City Edition?

VENDOR
What? Aw no, now I'm deaf.

ZOOM IN to the headline. It reads: "BROTHER VS. BROTHER: Trial Begins Tomorrow; Cleaning Lady Key Witness."

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE COURTROOM - DAY

A POLICEMAN stands guard. The doors burst open and pin the Policeman against the wall. A stream of Reporters runs out, knocking down Policeman, screaming AD LIBS:

REPORTERS
He's guilty!...
He's going to the chair!...
Guilty!....
Lemme at that phone...(etc.)

FOLLOW Reporters to one phone in corridor. Reporter Melee #2 ensues. Kicking, gauging, etc.

ANGLE - MOM

comes out of the Courtroom and is immediately surrounded by a group of Photographers. Flashbulbs pop.

MOM
Get me from this side. It's my best side.

A Reporter, disheveled and missing two teeth leaves the Melee and approaches Mom.

REPORTER
Got anything to say, Mrs. Kelly?

MOM
Tell you the truth, I got mixed feelings...Thrilled for Tommy, sad for Johnny.

Tommy and Sally join Mom. Immediately, the Reporters start throwing questions at him. Tommy puts up his hand and stops the barrage.

TOMMY
Sorry, fellas. No comment. Except it's the toughest thing I ever had to do. You can understand.

Reporters part and allow them to pass. Tommy, Mom and Sally start walking down the hall.

Danny Vermin and Dutch Winkler emerge from a doorway. Vermin is tamping down a cigarette on his case.

VERMIN
Nice work in there, Mr. D.A. Oh, allow me to introduce myself. I'm Danny Vermin...I was...uh... associated with your brother. I just want to thank you personal for sending him to the hotseat.

Vermin and Dutch laugh. Tommy lashes out and hits Vermin. Vermin laughs it off.

MOM
Just watch Mom. Johnny taught me this.

She feints with a left and crosses with a right, putting Dutch on the floor. Vermin moves in, blind sides Mom with a haymaking right. Mom shakes it off, comes back, kicks Vermin in the balls. Vermin doubles up in agony.

ANGLE - TOMMY

spotting Vermin's cigarette case lying next to his prone body.

TOMMY
Look, Mom.
(he picks it up)

MOM
That looks like Johnny's case! The one he talked about.

INSERT - CLOSE-UP OF CIGARETTE CASE

The "J" in the initials J.D. has been crudely crossed out and a "V" has been added after the "D". It has the dent.

ANGLE - TOMMY

smelling the case and nods.

ANGLE - VERMIN

getting to his feet. He grabs for the case.

VERMIN
Here, gimme that! It's mine!

ANOTHER ANGLE

TOMMY
That's my brother's cigarette case! Johnny didn't do it. I'm going to get you, Vermin, if it's the last thing I do!

VERMIN
It might just be, Mr. D.A.

Vermin exits.

MOM
(dawning on her)
Johnny ain't guilty? And you sent him to the big house?

Before Tommy can answer, Mom's right sends him sprawling.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

CLOSE on sign reading: "The Big House."

INT. PRISON - DAY

WARDEN BLAKE, heavyset, mustache, hard-looking, accompanies Johnny down a corridor. Johnny's dressed in a striped, short-sleeve jumpsuit. Tighten on small alligator on breast pocket.

WARDEN
Johnny, it's an honor to have you on death row.

GUARD opens barred door to death row. They cross through.

ANGLE - POV JOHNNY AND GUARD

as they pass through a row of unbelievably heavily tatooed arms hanging out the cells. We don't see the prisoners' faces, just the arms.

They pass two signs on cells indicating "Smoking Section," "Non-Smoking Section," i.e. airlines. Door with electric chair symbol. A sign underneath reads: "Conserve Energy - Turn Off When Not In Use."

ANGLE

PRISONERS wave and shout greetings to Johnny.

JOHNNY
Hiya, guys.

Stuffs some money in guard's pocket.

JOHNNY
Send out for some quiche for the guys.

From the other direction comes a CONDEMNED PRISONER walking the last mile. A PRIEST, GUARD and ASSISTANT WARDEN with him, the Priest mumbling prayers. As they pass Johnny, they stop and walk with Johnny, the Warden introducing them to Johnny. The Prisoner continues on, then, realizing he's alone, turns back to look.

PRISONER
Hey, we gonna do this or not?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Typical visiting room in which Prisoners are separated by heavy mesh barrier. PAN down line of VISITORS from Prisoners POV.

PRISONER

on the visitors side gets up and leaves, saying goodbye to WOMAN on the visitors side.

A SALESMAN

with an open case of Harmonicas, holds one in his hand. He PLAYS first three bars of "Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen."

A WOMAN

sits with her PUNK ROCK TEENAGER, with Mohawk haircut, visiting her HUSBAND.

WOMAN
(anguished)
I keep telling you, Howard, the boy needs a role model.

ANGLE

Finally we reach Lil visiting Johnny. Lil and Johnny touch fingers through the mesh barrier. Johnny is dressed in a different prison outfit: It is a beautifully tailored, one-button prison-striped suit with wide lapels, double vents, suppressed waist, a vest and matching tie. He also sports a coordinated prison fedora. In his handkerchief pocket, Johnny has a white handkerchief with his prison number on it.

LIL
Johnny, Vermin's turned the Club into a dive. It's attracting the worst elements - pimps, circus freaks, crop dusters...

JOHNNY
Crop dusters! That son of a...

LIL
And Johnny...

JOHNNY
Don't tell me. He's put in a salad bar.

LIL
No. He's...he's making a play for me.

JOHNNY
That means he trusts you. That's why you should stay there. I gotta prove he framed me. You play up to him.

LIL
But...

JOHNNY
No buts. You just keep your eyes and your ears open. And when you hear something important, get it right to me on the grapevine. Got that?

LIL
Got it.

They kiss painfully through the mesh.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

Tommy is seated at his desk, working over a stack of papers. He looks drawn and overworked. The MAYOR stands to the right of his desk. He hands Tommy some tickets. Tommy doesn't look up. Sally, very pregnant, lays out sandwiches for Tommy.

MAYOR
We're gonna be sitting right next to the Governor Wednesday night. It's the premiere of the new Cagney movie.

TOMMY
Thanks, Mr. Mayor, but I don't have time to be watching gangster movies when I'm busy trying to put a real gangster, Danny Vermin, behind bars. Vermin should be on Death Row, not my brother.

MAYOR
Talk to him, Sally.

SALLY
It's no use, Mr. Mayor. Watch...

She turns profile, her stomach protruding.

SALLY
Tommy, notice anything?

TOMMY
(looking up; puzzled)
You wearin' your hair different?

Sally gives the Mayor a helpless look.

MAYOR
See ya, Governor Kelly.

The Mayor exits as Mom enters.

MOM
So it's "Governor", is it?

TOMMY
That's just cheap talk, Mom.

MOM
Cheap talk, is it? Anybody who'd send his own brother to the hot seat gets my vote.

TOMMY
(protesting)
Mom, I've been working night and day trying to prove Johnny's innocence.

He rises, pacing.

TOMMY (CON'T.)
But I just can't get a break in the case.

MOM
Well, your poor, old mother might just have something for you tonight.

TOMMY
(rising; getting excited)
Something that'll hold up in court?

MOM
It'll hold up like King Kong's jock strap.

TOMMY
(putting his arm around her)
Is there anything you can't do?

She thinks, then sits on the floor and raises her leg toward the back of her head, getting half way.

MOM
I can't get me foot behind me head.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - SHABBY APARTMENT DOOR

A hand comes into FRAME and KNOCKS on door.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(from behind door)
Who is it?

PULL BACK to reveal the hand knocking at the door is Mom's.

MOM
Open up. It's Mom Kelly!

The door opens a crack and we see the Cleaning Lady, MARY MARGARET CATHERINE DINEEN's suspicious face.

MARY MARGARET
Whadda ya want? Get outta here.

Mary Margaret tries to close door, but Mom has wedged her foot into the doorway.

MARY MARGARET
We got nuthin' to say to each other.

MOM
We got plenty to say to each other. We got a lot in common.

MARY MARGARET
Oh yeah? What?

MOM
We both scrub floors, we both got low grade bladder infections and neither of us is Chinese.

Mary Margaret relents, opens the door.

MARY MARGARET
Come on in. I'll say this: You've been doin' your homework. Whaddaya want?

MOM
How much would it take for ya to tell the truth?

MARY MARGARET
Nineteen thousand five hundred.

Mom removes a roll of bills. Slaps it in Mary Margaret's palm.

MARY MARGARET
(to camera)
Boy, am I havin' a good year.

EXT. CLUB TWENTY-FIVE - NIGHT

A car SCREECHES to a halt. Tommy gets out of the car with two not-so-plain-clothed MEN. They walk purposely toward the Club. Patty, the doorman, opens the door.

PATTY
(to Tommy)
Tell Johnny I've been prayin' for his mother.
(hands him an envelope)
And give him this self-addressed envelope.

Tommy takes it and continues in.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

The place is jammed with HOUSEWIVES in 1930's house-dresses and hats. They are SQUEALING and SHRIEKING. A MALE STRIPPER is performing on the dance floor wearing a 1930's bathing suit (old fashioned kind with a top). He's bumping and grinding to STRIPPER MUSIC as money is being thrown at him.

ANGLE - TOMMY

disgusted as he tries to weave his way through the sex-crazed women.

INT. VERMIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door bursts open. Wood splinters fly everywhere. Tommy enters, followed by plainclothesmen.

VERMIN
Ain't you never learned no manners?

TOMMY
Send me a bill for the door.
(to Lil, sitting on Vermin's lap)
You don't even wait for the body to get cold, do you?

LIL
I go where the action is. Where's your Mom? Send her up the river, too?

VERMIN
What d'ya want, Mr. D.A.?

TOMMY
I got a subpoena here for you. I wanted to serve it myself.

VERMIN
Subpoena...what for? You ain't got a thing on me.

TOMMY
Oh no? Does the name, "Mary Margaret Catherine Dineen" strike a familiar chord?

Vermin bolts up abruptly.

VERMIN
I'm tone deaf.

TOMMY
Too bad 'cause she's singing like a canary and we got her locked up in a nice, little cage. It's going to be my pleasure to send you to the chair. Come on, boys, let's go. I don't like the smell in here.

Tommy and the two plainclothesmen exit. Vermin, enraged, pulls out his Magnum. He aims it at the door.

DUTCH
Boss, don't!! They'll get ya!

Vermin, tense, shaking, like Strangelove trying to control his hand.

VERMIN
I gotta shoot somethin'.

He surveys the room. Everybody is tense. Dutch removes his shoe.

DUTCH
Here. Shoot my shoe.

Vermin blasts the shoe with his Magnum.

DUTCH
Feel better, boss?

VERMIN
(smiling)
Yeah, now I can think.

DUTCH
Good, 'cause they got the cleaning dame. She'll spill her guts. And we can't get to her.

VERMIN
(confidentially)
But we can get to him.

DUTCH
How, boss?

VERMIN
Don't you read the papers? We'll take care of him tonight.

Danny reaches down and opens the newspaper.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

Article saying: "Governor and Tommy will attend the premiere of new Cagney movie."

ANGLE - VERMIN, LIL AND DUTCH

VERMIN
It's gonna be like shootin' ducks in a pond. Once we knock the D.A. off, that cleanin' dame'll clam up.

Everyone laughs uproariously. Lil looks concerned. Vermin picks up a bottle of beer, crosses to a tough looking hulk whose mouth he uses as a bottle opener.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE on Lil

LIL
Get this to Johnny on the grapevine: Vermin's gonna kill Johnny's brother at the Savoy Theatre tonight. Got it?

VOICE (O.S.)
Got it.

WIDEN to reveal that the Voice belongs to the Parrot perched on Lil's wrist. Lil launches the Parrot out the window. It is dressed in prison garb. (Don't ask.)

PARROT

talking into a MAN'S ear. WIDEN to reveal that the Parrot is seated on the shoulder of a PRISONER at a table in the Prison Mess Hall.

INT. DINING HALL ENTRANCE

ZOOM INTO CLOSE-UP of PRISONER #1. He turns to his right and whispers into the ear of PRISONER #2.

PRISONER #1
Vermin's gonna kill Johnny's brother at the Savoy Theatre tonight. Pass it on.

CAMERA PANS to each face as the message is repeated.

PRISONER #2
(to PRISONER #3 on right)
Vermin's gonna kill Johnny's mother at the Savoy Theatre tonight. Pass it on.

PRISONER #3
Vermin's mother is gonna kill Johnny at the Savoy tonight. Pass it on.

PRISONER #4
Vermin's brother's gonna rub out Johnny's mother at the Savoy tonight. Pass it on.

PRISONER #5
Vermin's mother's gonna rub Johnny's brother at the Savoy.

He passes it on to PRISONER with a mouthful of mashed potatoes who passes it and some of the potatoes to the next PRISONER. CAMERA PANS ACROSS the faces of the Prisoners. Each Prisoner whispers the message into the ear of the Prisoner next to him. Finally it reaches Johnny, who sits with chopsticks, eating sushi, facing a smiling Japanese SUSHI CHEF, slicing fish.

LAST PRISONER
Urgent message through the grapevine, Johnny.

JOHNNY
(anxiously)
Yeah? What is it?

LAST PRISONER
Johnny and the Mother's are playin' "Stompin' at the Savoy" in Vermont tonight.

JOHNNY
Vermin's gonna kill my brother at the Savoy Theatre tonight.

LAST PRISONER
I didn't say that.

JOHNNY
No, but I know this grapevine.
(to himself)
I gotta get outta here.
(calling)
Get me the Jabonies!

ECHOS: "Get him the Jabonies. Get him the Jabonies..."

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

We see six short, dark, mustachioed guys with thick forearms. One of them is enormously fat. They are the Jaboni Brothers. (We don't know what they do, but we know they do it together).

JOHNNY (V.O.)
Can you help me out?

JABONI #1
We're a little outta shape, but for you, Johnny, no problem.

WIDEN to reveal Johnny.

JOHNNY
Thanks.

He walks down the line of Jabonies sticking money in their pockets.

EXT. PRISON YARD - NIGHT

It's quite, empty. Searchlights criss-cross the darkened yard, suddenly illuminating a Jaboni brother. The light goes past him, stops and then comes back. There he is again. A beat.

SFX: A THUMP

The Jaboni flies up and out of frame. The searchlight searches for him. No luck. Probably was a figment of the searchlight's imagination.

Another searchlight crosses the same area and catches another Jaboni. There is another THUMP and he, too, flies up and out of frame. The searchlight is now really confused. It goes away and then comes back immediately. No one's there. The searchlight then goes up and comes down just in time to see another Jaboni. He, too, flies out of frame.

SOUND: POLICE SIRENS AND WHISTLES INDICATING A PRISON BREAK.

Now, three searchlights hit the area revealing the following: Johnny Dangerously standing on the edge of a seesaw. Next to it is a platform with steps. The fat Jaboni is poised on top. Near the wall are the five Jabonies standing on each other's shoulders. (The Tower of Jaboni).

The fat Jaboni jumps, hits the seesaw and Johnny goes flying. CAMERA FOLLOWS his flight until he lands on the shoulders of the top-most Jaboni. The Tower of Jaboni wobbles, then starts for the wall. The Jabonies do an end-of-the-act tumble. The searchlights are fixed on Johnny. He starts to step over the other side of the wall.

REVERSE ANGLE

revealing that Johnny is stepping onto the second Tower of Jabonies. Five other Jaboni brothers -- the Free Jabonies -- all in costume, on the other side of the wall. They look exactly like the jailed Jabonies. Johnny climbs down them.

JOHNNY
Thanks, guys.

FREE JABONI
Thank you, Johnny. First time the family's worked together in five years.

Johnny springs across the road, dodging bullets. A spotlight hits the car revealing Lil. Johnny gets in. They ZOOM off.

ANGLE - WIDE SHOT OF PRISON

Wailing SIRENS. Police cars SCREECHING out in pursuit.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

A gala premiere is in progress. CROWDS CHEER as recognizable stars enter the movie theatre. A MASTER OF CEREMONIES holds an old-style microphone and reports on the event. Tommy stands next to him.

M.C.
Everyone who is anyone is here tonight...including Mr. Crimefighter himself -- District Attorney Tommy Kelly...They're talking about you as the next Governor.

TOMMY
That's very nice, but all I'm concerned with now is proving my brother's innocence.

CUT TO:

INT. LIL'S CAR - CLOSE-UP CAR RADIO - NIGHT

Tommy's voice can be heard coming through the car radio.

TOMMY (V.O.)
If you're listenin', Johnny, I love ya.

A hand enters frame, shuts off radio. PULL BACK to reveal Johnny.

JOHNNY
I love you too, kid.
(to Lil)
Did you bring the stuff?

LIL
It's in the back.

Johnny reaches back and grabs a make-up case.

JOHNNY
Put on the police frequency.

Lil turns on the radio.

DESK SERGEANT (V.O.)
Calling all cars! Calling all cars!

TILTED FRAME of burly DESK SERGEANT behind old-type microphone. A cup and saucer at his elbow.

SUPER: STOCK FOOTAGE, POLICE CARS AND MOTORCYCLES CIRCA 1930 SPEEDING OUT OF POLICE GARAGE.

DESK SERGEANT
Be on the lookout for Packard Sedan carrying Johnny Dangerously dressed in prison uniform and a female companion probably dressed in somethin' sexy.

EXT. - ROAD - NIGHT

A police car pulls Lil over to the side.

INT. LIL'S CAR

TIGHT SHOT of Lil and A COP peering in.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
Can we hurry please. I'll be late for my screen test.

WIDEN to reveal Johnny, dressed and made up like a young Ronald Reagan.

ANGLE - The cop shining the light in the backseat, resting on a prison uniform sleeve sticking out of the suitcase.

COP
Hey, that's part of a prison uniform.

Lil GUNS the car away.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

The Desk Sergeant, receiving Bulletin.

DESK SERGEANT
Calling all cars! Calling all cars! Be on the lookout for escaped convict. Johnny Dangerously now dressed as an apple-cheeked movie hopeful.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - CANDY COUNTER - NIGHT

Mom yells over to white-jacketed ATTENDANT.

MOM
Hey, Ace, gimme a large popcorn and some Good-and-Plentys.

The Attendant, his back turned to us, gets the popcorn and the candy. He keeps his face turned away from us as he accepts the money. Mom exits. The Attendant turns around revealing himself to be Danny Vermin, dressed in the Candy Counter Attendant's uniform. He signals to someone.

ANGLE - DUTCH

dressed as a Maintenance Man, sweeping.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

This is a police road block. Lil's car approaches and stops. TWO COPS walk toward Lil's car. One sticks his head in.

COP
Pardon me, have you seen a beautiful woman and a young actor that looks like this.

INSERT - GLOSSY OF YOUNG RONALD REAGAN.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
(woman's voice)
Can I see that?

The photo is passed into the car.

PULL BACK to reveal Johnny dressed and made up to look like "Tootsie."

JOHNNY
Oh, he looks so dangerous.

COP
Don't worry, we'll catch him, Tootsie.

He pinches Johnny's cheek. The car shoots off.

COP
(to partner)
Hey, that woman needed a shave. Let's get 'em.

They run to their car.

INT. POLICE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - Still in tilted frame

Desk Sergeant gets another bulletin.

DESK SERGEANT
Calling all cars! Calling all cars! Be on the lookout for Packard sedan carrying two women. The driver beautiful, the other ugly...

The cup and saucer slide off the tilted desk in front of the Sergeant.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - FIRST ROW

On screen, the movie: "Public Enemy". Cagney mashing the grapefruit in the lady's face.

ANGLE - TOMMY, SALLY, MOM, THE MAYOR, THE GOVERNOR

watching intently.

INT. THEATRE - CANDY COUNTER - NIGHT

empty except for Vermin and Dutch. We can HEAR the familiar CAGNEY TONES from the movie.

DUTCH
When we gonna give it to him, boss?

VERMIN
Just when Cagney gets his in the movie...a few minutes from now.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

We are with our old friend, the formerly blind, now deaf, newspaper Vendor. The New York Daily Gazette truck has just pulled up with that night's City Edition. The wary Vendor comes around to receive that night's edition. The Guy on the back of the truck throws off a pile of papers.

The Vendor artfully dodges the pile and waves triumphantly as the truck pulls back.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

reading: "DANGEROUSLY ESCAPES".

ANGLE - LIL CAR

speedily approaching newspaper Vendor's corner. It jumps the curb, hits the stack of newspapers sending the stack flying into the Vendor's head. The Vendor goes sprawling, the car continues on.

VENDOR
I can hear again! I can see!
But who am I?
(looking to Passerby)
Do you know me?

INT. THEATRE - FIRST ROW

Mom, Sally and Tommy watch the o.s. movie screen intently.

INT. BACKSTAGE - MOVIE THEATRE

Vermin and Dutch enter through a door. They cross to the back of the movie screen. Vermin takes out a knife and cuts a slit in the screen. He opens the slit and peers out.

ANGLE - POV VERMIN

The first row of the Theatre. We can see Mom, Sally and the target, Tommy.

INT. THEATRE - CANDY COUNTER

Lil's car SCREECHING to a halt. Johnny dashes out.

BACK OF MOVIE SCREEN

Vermin and Dutch put their guns through the slits in the screen.

INT. THEATRE - FIRST ROW'S POV

Mom, Sally and Tommy react to a SHOT that has just been FIRED on the screen o.c.

ANGLE - THE SCREEN

Cagney is just about to be shot.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

bursts through the theatre doors and into the darkened auditorium.

ANGLE - BACK OF SCREEN

Vermin is cocking the trigger on his .45 and aiming it at Tommy.

ANGLE - THEATRE SCREEN

Cagney is just about to die in a hail of gunfire.

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS IN THIS ORDER:

a) Johnny running down the aisle.

b) THREE SHOT of Tommy, Sally and Mom.

c) Vermin's fingers starting to squeeze the trigger.

d) A figure ON THE SCREEN squeezing a shot off against Cagney.

e) Vermin's trigger being squeezed all the way.

f) Johnny diving in front of Tommy to take the bullet intended for his brother and, at the same time, firing o.c. three quick rounds.

g) Cagney gets it. He begins to fall.

i) Vermin falls headlong through the screen just as Cagney falls dead on the screen.

ANGLE - JOHNNY AND TOMMY

Johnny down on one knee and in the front row.

TOMMY
How bad are you?

Johnny rises to his feet and brushes himself off. There is a red stain in his chestal area.

JOHNNY
It's nothing. He just grazed my heart.

MOM
Oh, Johnny!

JOHNNY
No, Mom, I want to walk outta here on my own steam.

Johnny starts up the aisle. By the time he is about halfway up the aisle, APPLAUSE starts building to a point where it becomes a standing ovation.

PEOPLE file out of their seats to follow him up the aisle in Pied Piper-like fashion. They follow his every footstep just as he walks, stopping when he stops, accelerating when he does, staggering when he does. Johnny leads the entire entourage up the aisle. When he is almost at the doors, he is joined by Lil, who tries to support him.

JOHNNY
No, Lil. Don't help me. Just hold my hand. And stand up proud. We're walkin' outta this joint.

Tears stream down Lil's face. Johnny pushes the door open to the lobby.

INT. THEATRE LOBBY

Johnny and his followers emerge. Johnny staggers just a little. A sharp intake of breath from the crowd following him. He holds onto the Candy Counter for support. An USHER approaches Johnny.

USHER
Can I help you, sir?

JOHNNY
Are you a renowned heart surgeon?

The usher shakes his head "no."

JOHNNY
Then my answer is "no."

Johnny staggers out through the lobby and through the glass doors to the street beyond.

EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Johnny, staggering down the street. Directly in back of him are Mom, Lil, Tommy and Sally. Again the crowd is synchronized to Johnny's every move.

TWO SHOT - MOM AND TOMMY

MOM
He's going home, Tommy. He's going home.

Johnny staggers a few hundred feet more and then drops in front of his boyhood tenement stoop.

TOMMY
Back off. Give him some air.

The crowd backs off.

SOUND: AMBULANCE AND POLICE SIRENS O.S.
SEVERAL CARS SCREECH TO A HALT O.S.

TWO AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS rush in with a stretcher.

JOHNNY
(waving them off)
Forget it, boys. You're just a little too late.

The Ambulance Attendants back off reverently. Mom rushes to Johnny's side.

MOM
Oh, Johnny, Johnny!

JOHNNY
Can it, Mom. It's all right. Everything's gonna be fine.

MOM
I doubt that seriously. Not with that hole in your chest.

Lil joins Johnny at his side, and supports his head in her lap. Johnny laughs and then starts coughing.

JOHNNY
Lil, find yourself an honest stiff. But I wouldn't bother lookin' for someone like me. When they made me, they broke the mold.

Lil starts to cry. The crowd starts to cry with her.

JOHNNY
Stop it or I'll knock your block off.

Lil stops crying. The crowd stops crying.

JOHNNY
What's everybody sad about? I lived a good life. I had it all. First cabin all the way. Except when I think about it now, I didn't have to quit smoking.

ANGLE - BACK OF CROWD - TWO SHOT - A MAN AND WOMAN

Johnny continues talking in b.g. as the Man, getting bored, eyes the Woman next to him.

MAN
Hey, Hotstuff, can I buy you a beer?

WOMAN
Sure.

They walk off.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

JOHNNY
It all fits together, somehow.

He looks up at tenement.

JOHNNY
This is where it all began. And this is where it's all ending. You think I wanted it to end like this...in a pool of blood...on a sidewalk...in New York? Hell, no. I started out like all the rest of you...the dreams and hopes and aspirations...

He starts coughing. Lil strokes his hair.

ANGLE - A COUPLE IN THE CROWD

The Man glances at his watch.

MAN
I gotta be up at six. Let's go.

The Man and Woman elbow their way through the crowd.

JOHNNY
Sure, I wanted to be a doctor...a lawyer...anything respectable... But I didn't have the chance. I'm a product of my upbringing... Trying to make ends meet...living by your wits. This is not my fault. I accuse society.

ANGLE - BACK OF CROWD

Several people from the back of the crowd are starting to peel off and heading in different directions.

VOICE (O.S.)
Taxi!

SOUND: TIRES SCREECHING TO A HALT O.C.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

JOHNNY
(pointing)
I accuse you...and you...and you... and you...

ACCUSE #1
Who -- me? What the hell did I do?

The MAN elbows his way through the crowd, waving back at Johnny disgustedly.

JOHNNY
(reflective)
Y'know, it seems like only yesterday I used to play kick the can on this street...and stick ball, ringa-leaveo, Johnny on the Pony, Ink-a-dink-a bottle of ink, the cork fell out and you stink, and my favorite - Potsy.

ANGLE - CROWD

People start peeling off in droves.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

JOHNNY
That was a game. Required skill, balance, lightning speed reflexes. Yeah, those were the good old days. When people cared. Showed an interest. Not like now when all people think about is the almighty buck. And kids don't read anymore...just spend hours in front of the radio. Where are our values...our standards?

ANGLE - A COUPLE

walking away, look at each other.

MAN
Jeez, I didn't know he was gonna give us a lecture. I just stopped to see a guy die.

ANGLE - JOHNNY

Tommy leans down.

JOHNNY
I'm proud of ya, kid.

TOMMY
I'm proud of you, Johnny.

JOHNNY
You're the best.

TOMMY
Please, Johnny, save your strength. Look, Johnny, I'm taking the girls for a bite to eat. Want me to bring you anything back?

JOHNNY
No, I'm fine.

CAMERA ZOOMS BACK SLOWLY to reveal that only Tommy, Sally and Mom are there with the prone Johnny. And now they're leaving.

JOHNNY
No. There are a few people I want to say goodbye to before this is over...Like the Director of this film...The best pal a guy ever had ...The Producer...Never bothered us...a gentleman. The guys who spun this yarn...

Johnny goes on as the CREDITS ROLL TO A CLOSE.

FADE OUT.

THE END